

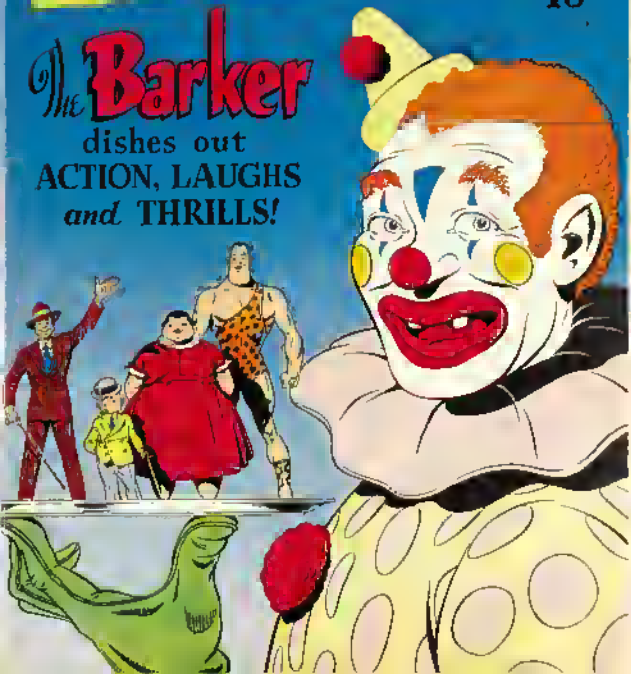
WINTER
ISSUE

The BARKER

10¢

The Barker

dishes out
ACTION, LAUGHS
and **THRILLS!**



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", "Mystery Tales", "Exciting Comics", "Strange Worlds", and "Captain Future". The art style is characteristic of classic American comics, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight drop shadow effect.

WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE **YOURSELF**
COMMANDO
-TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

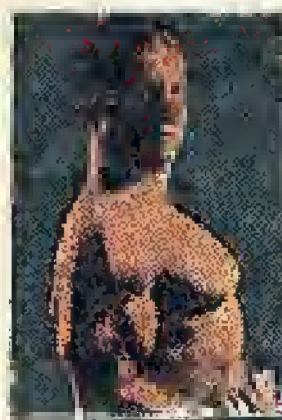
Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how Rabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

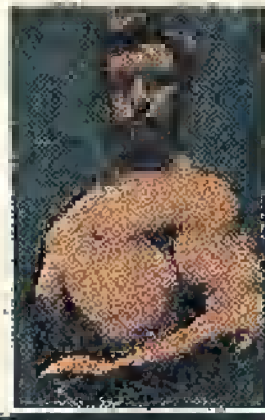
PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

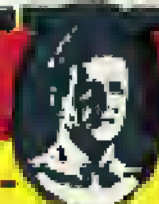
At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y. 1
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for.... \$1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding Mighty Legs 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Arm 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Grip 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Back 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. | |

NAME.....Age.....
(Please Print Plainly. Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS.....

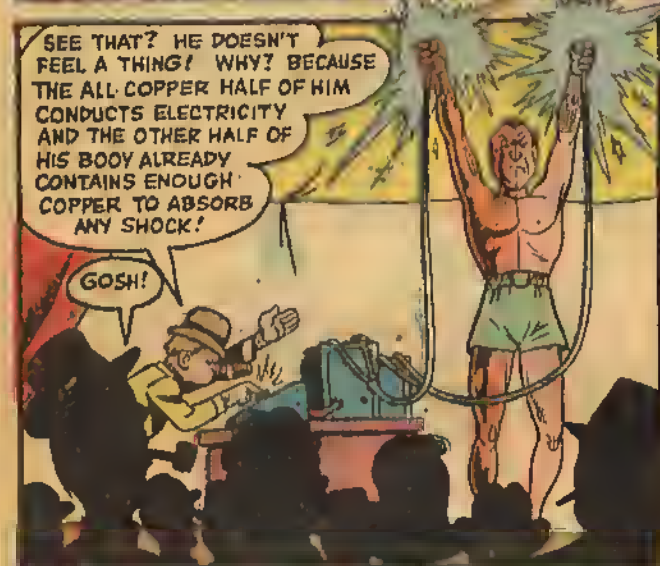
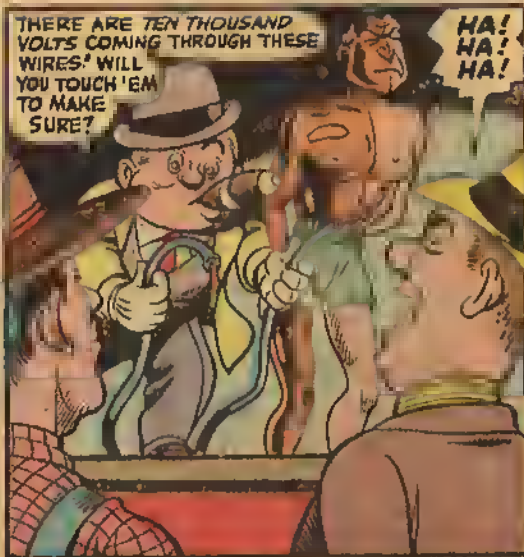
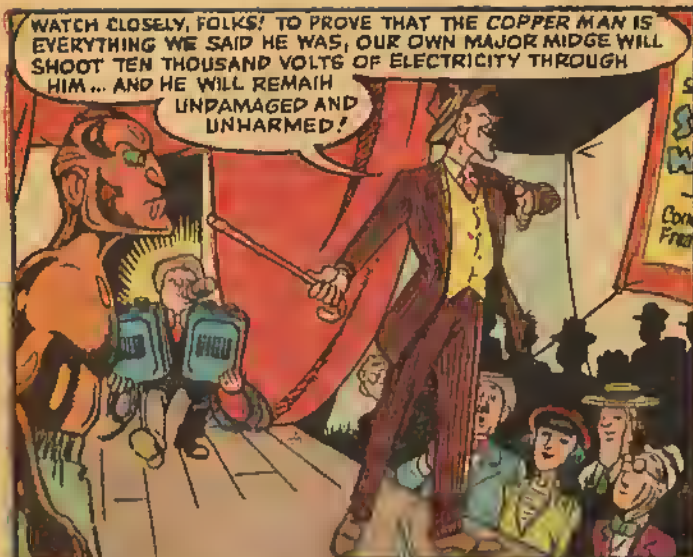
THE BARKER

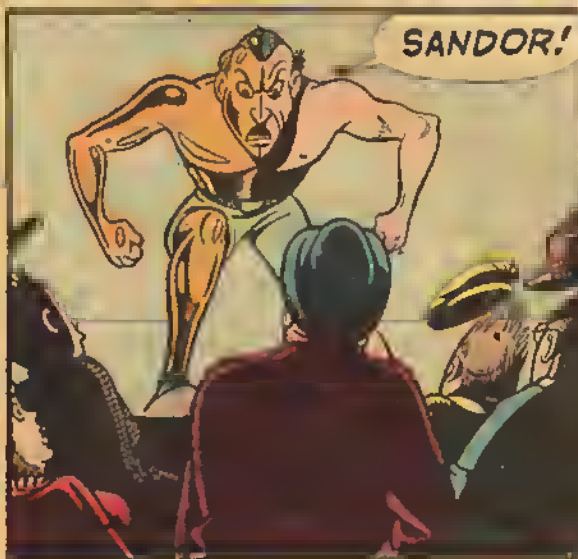
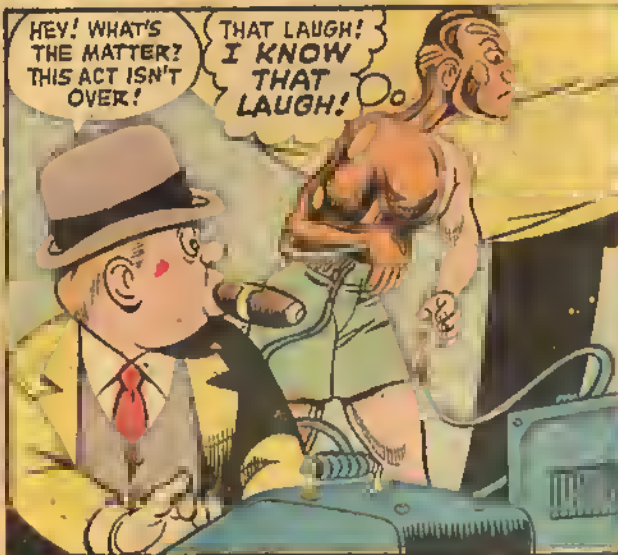
The BARKER

YES, LADIE-E-E-S
AND GENTLEMEN,
HE'S HALF COPPER,
HALF FLESH AND
BLOOD! BUT
HE'S REAL...
HE'S ALIVE!



There's truth in *THE BARKER'S* pitch! But what Carnie Calahan doesn't know is that, within this curiosity of *COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS*, there smoulders a deadly **HATE!**

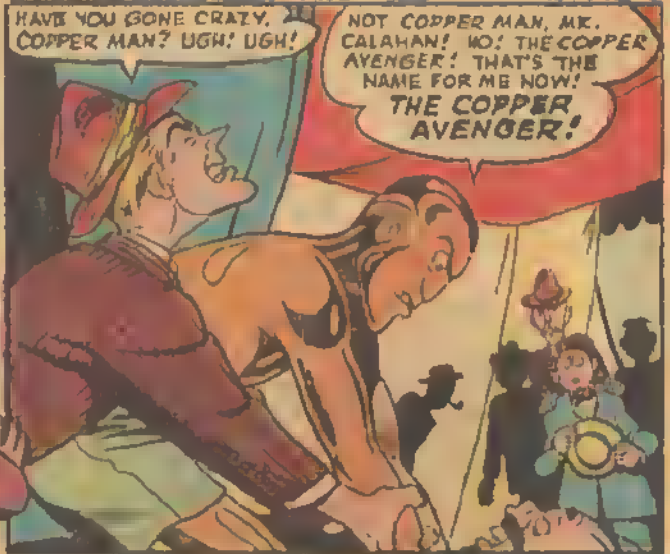




SO YOU CAME TO GLOAT,
EH, SANDORT? WELL,
GLOAT, YOU BLOATED
BEAST! GLOAT AND
DIE!



HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY,
COPPER MAN? UGH! UGH!



NOT COPPER MAN, MR.
CALAHAN! NO! THE COPPER
AVENGER! THAT'S THE
NAME FOR ME NOW!
**THE COPPER
AVENGER!**

IT'S NO USE,
MIDGE! WE
CAN'T BUDGE
THAT COPPER
ARM!

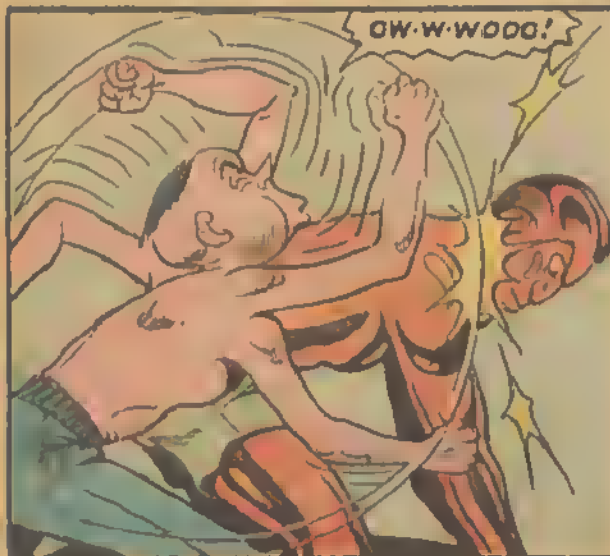


THERE
MUST BE
SOMEBODY
WHO CAN!

LET ME
TRY!

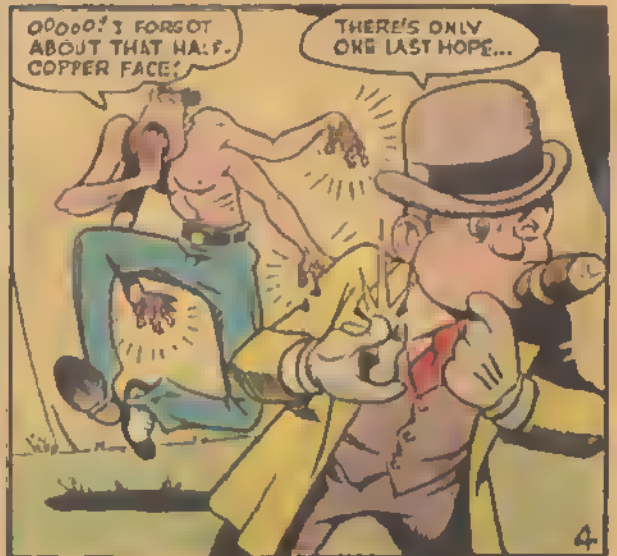


OW-W-WOOD!



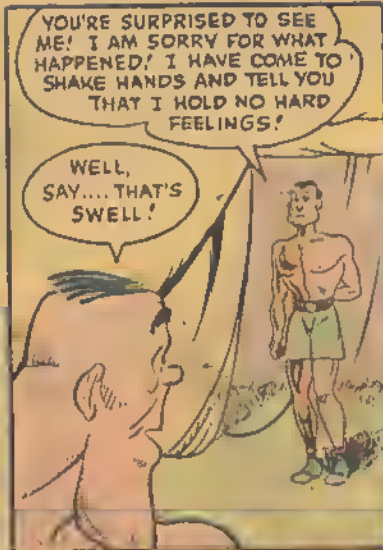
OOOOO! I FORGOT
ABOUT THAT HALF-
COPPER FACE!

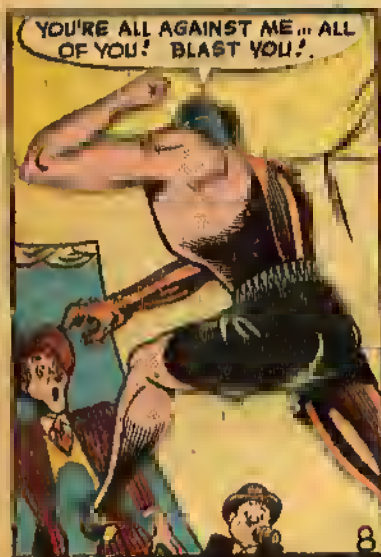
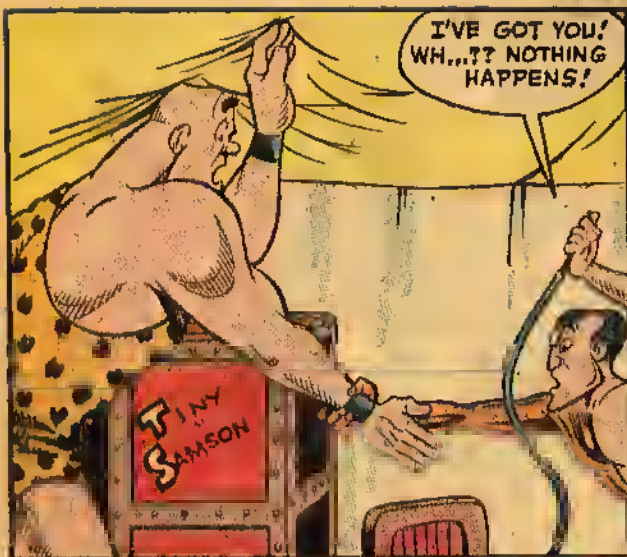
THERE'S ONLY
ONE LAST HOPE...





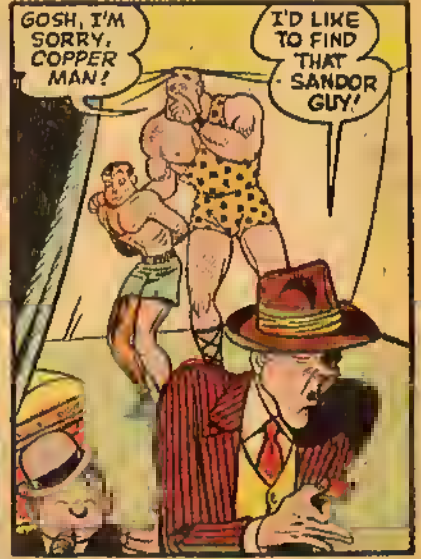
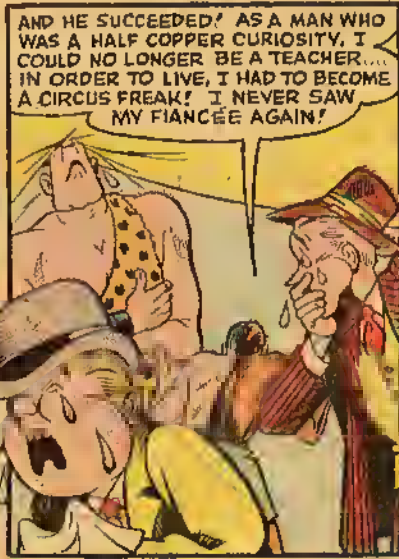
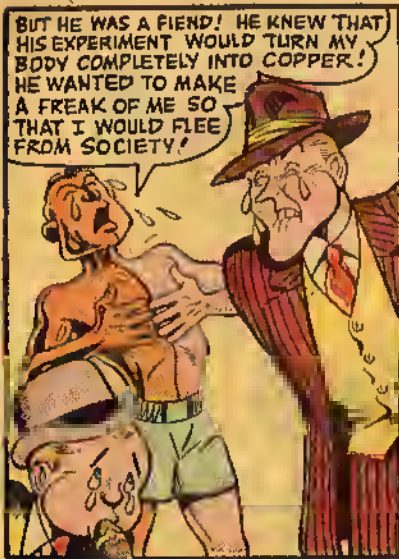




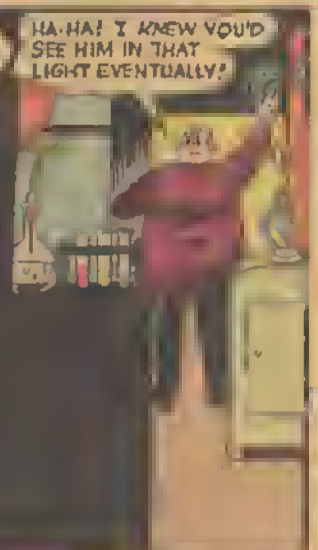


ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING! IN EUROPE, I WAS A SCIENCE TEACHER... I WAS FASCINATED BY THE WORK OF JAN SANDOR WHO HAD ONCE BEEN MY PROFESSOR! WHEN HE ASKED ME TO HELP HIM WITH AN EXPERIMENT, I WAS FLATTERED... I DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS TRYING TO GET RID OF ME BECAUSE HE WAS INTERESTED IN MY FIANCEE!

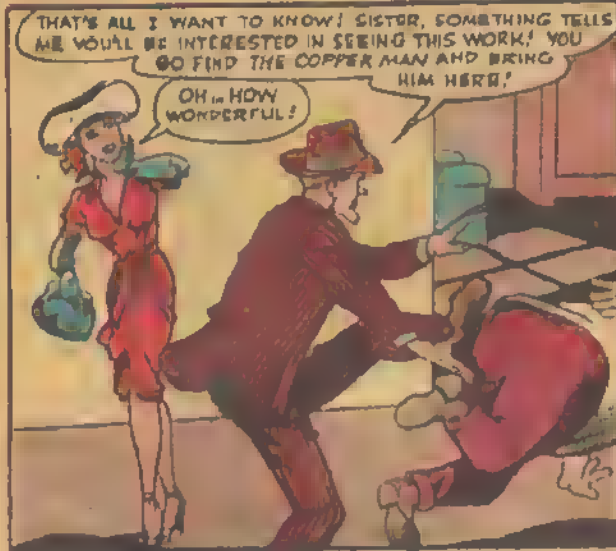


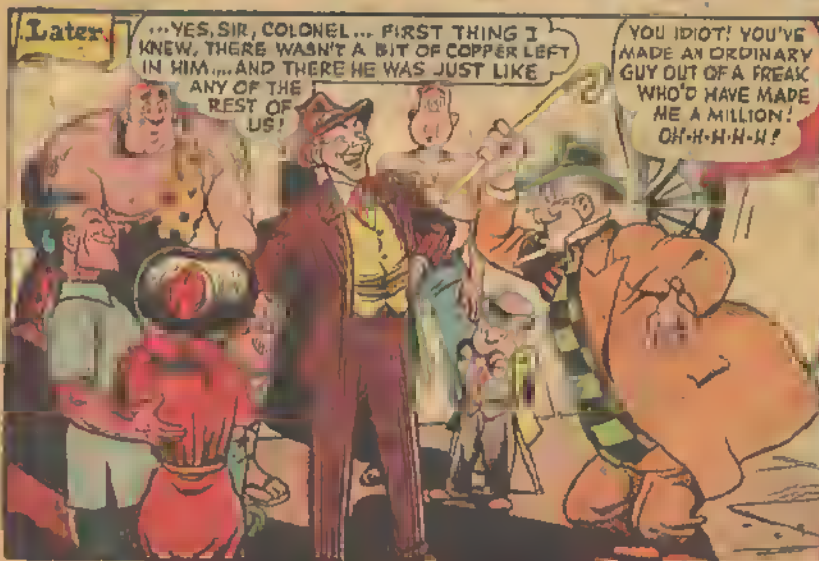
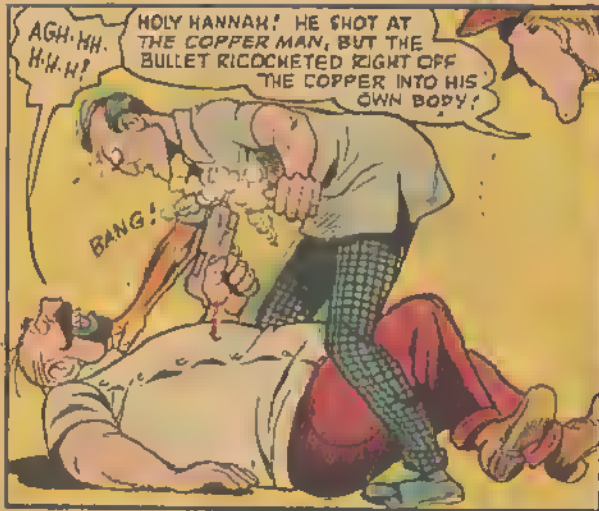


THE BARBER



THE BARKER



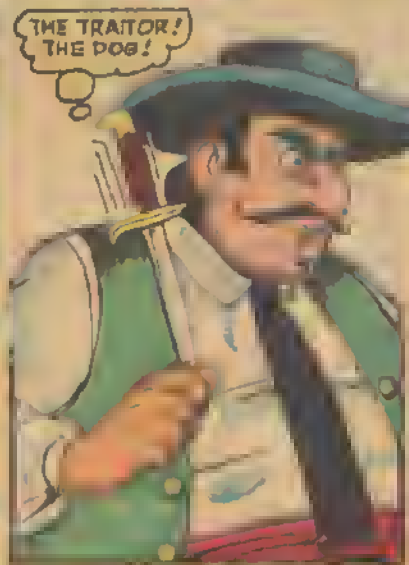
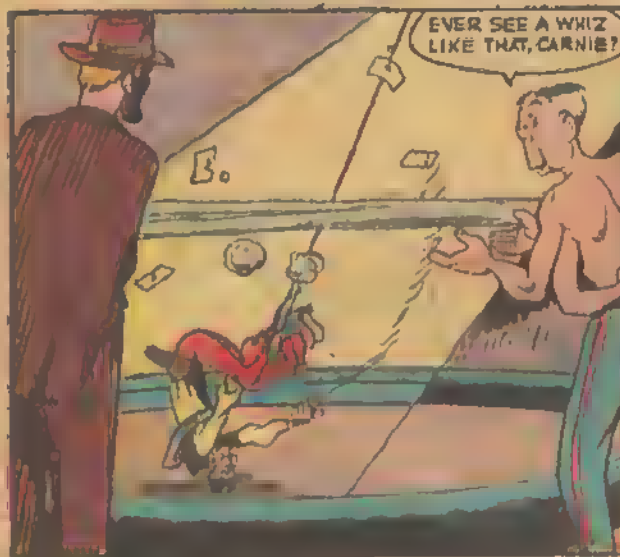
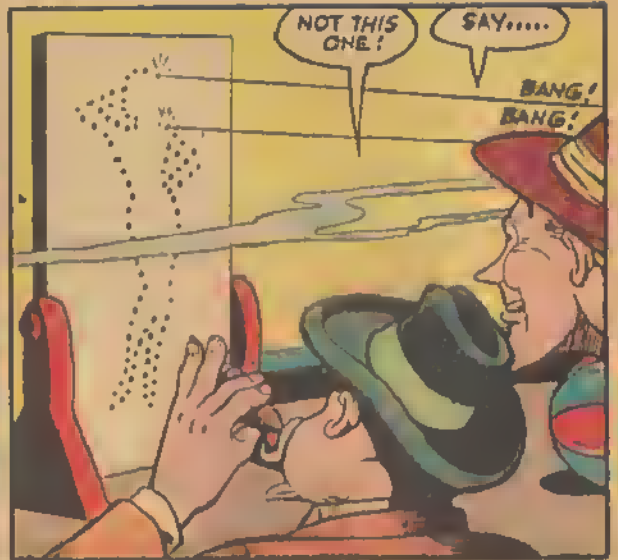
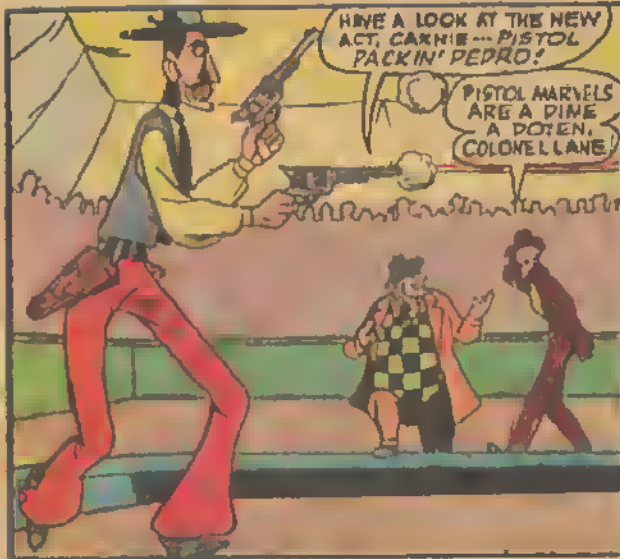


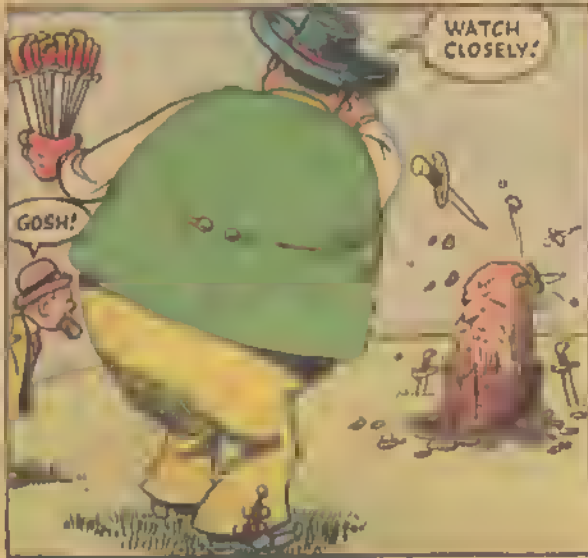
The BARKER



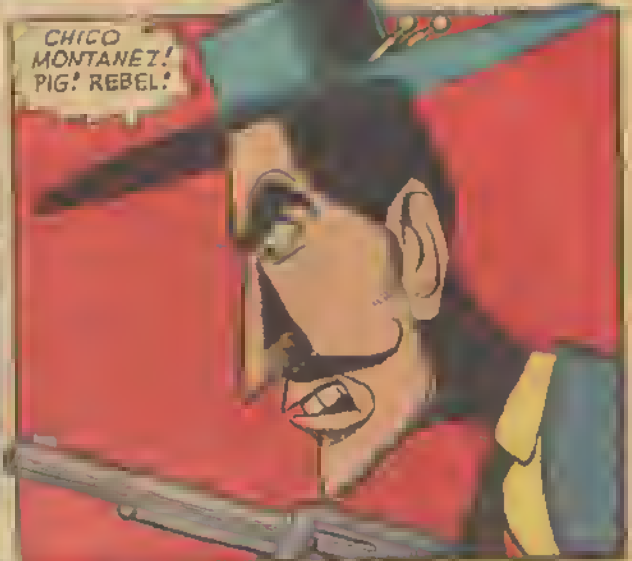
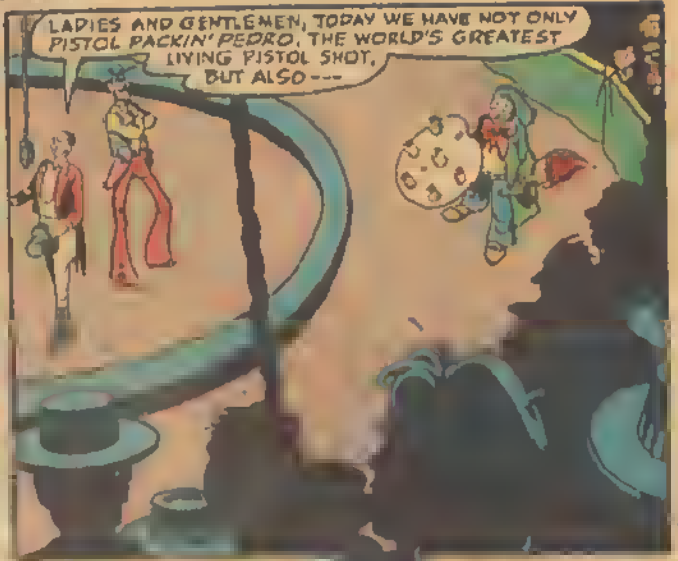
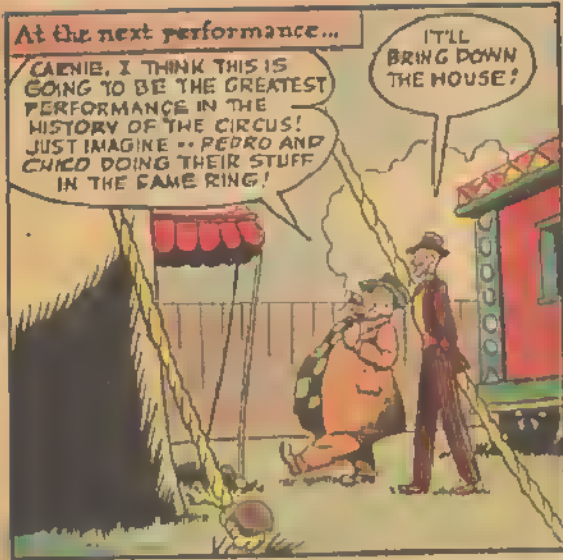
Traditionally the people in a circus live as one happy family and the members of Colonel Lane's outfit were not exceptions..... that is, until a pair of fiery caballeros from below the Equator brought their wars and revolutions right in under the Big Top! Then, in no time at all, friends became factions! Even Carnie Calahan, the smooth, urbane BARKER, was not immune to the agitation which pervaded the once gay atmosphere!

THE BARKER

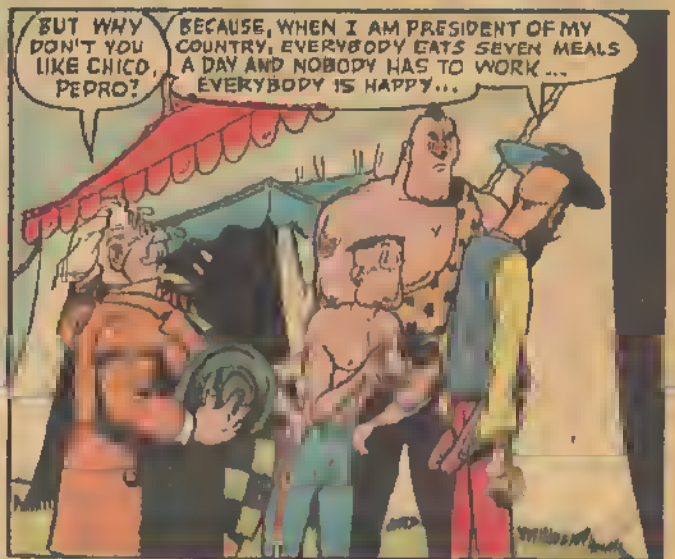
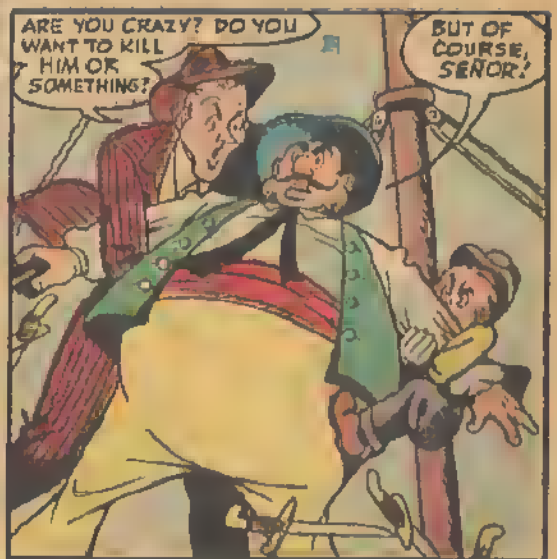
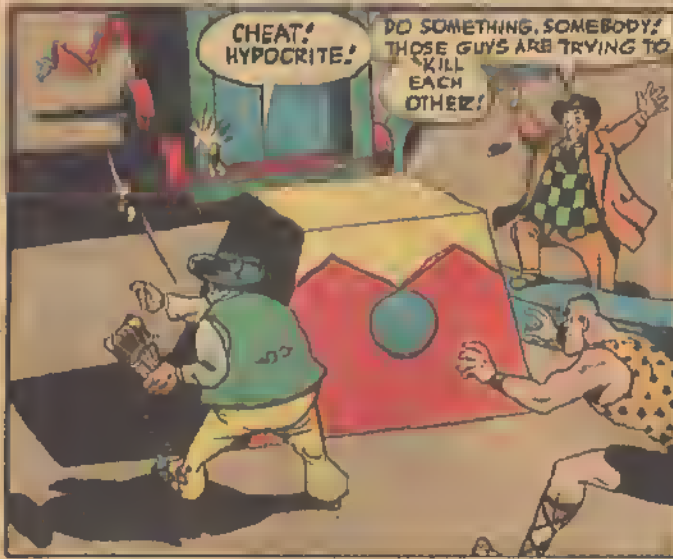




THE BARKER



THE BARKER



THEM CHICO MONTANE! STARTS THE REVOLUTION! NOBODY EATS AND EVERYBODY HAS TO WORK! THAT IS NOT GOOD!

BESIDES, I AM NOT ANY MORE THE PRESIDENT! THAT IS WORSE!

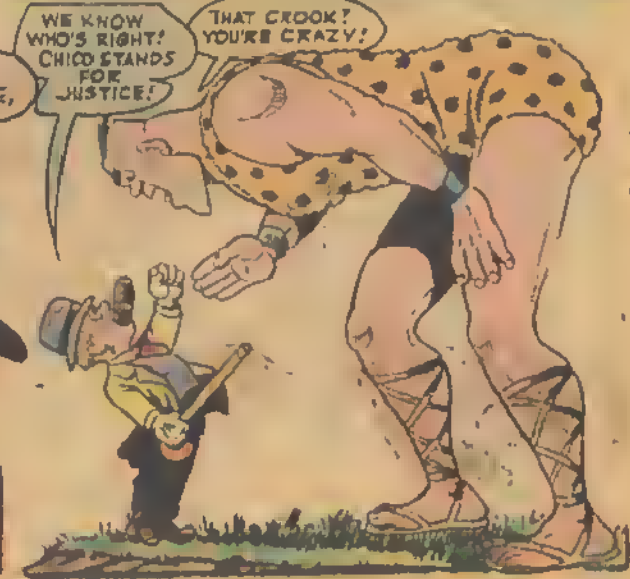
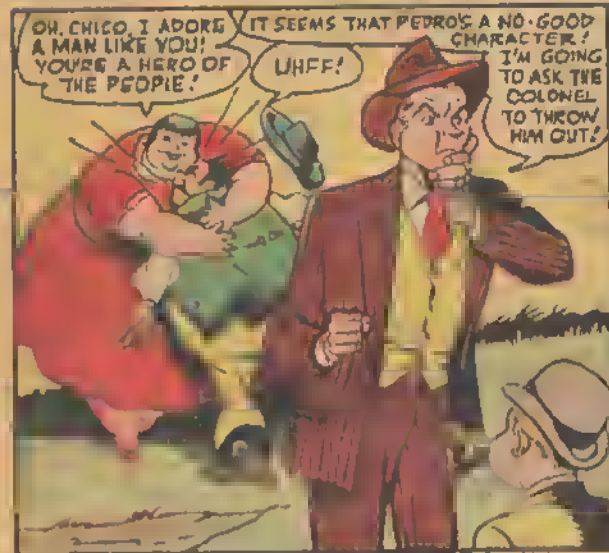
SOUNDS LIKE A BAD EGG, THAT CHICO!

I DIDN'T QUITE TRUST HIM WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM!

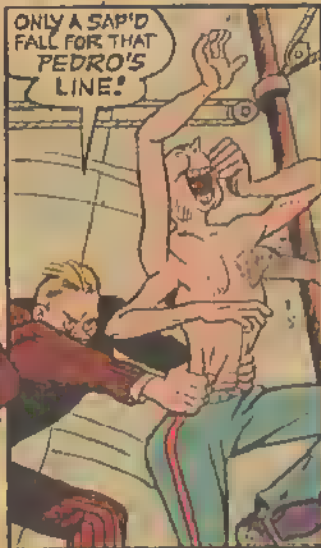
WE CAN'T HAVE A CHARACTER LIKE THAT AROUND THIS LOT! I'M GOING TO FIRE HIM AT ONCE!

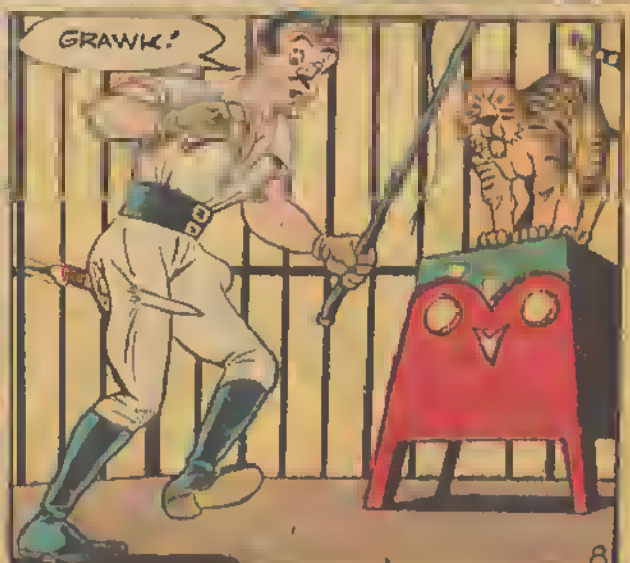
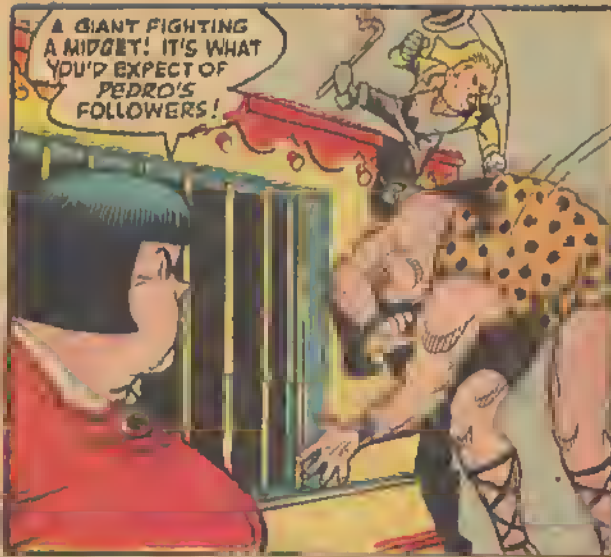
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, COLONEL LANE!



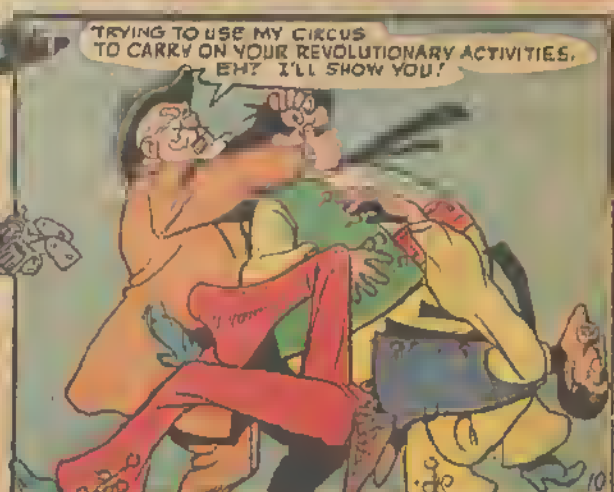
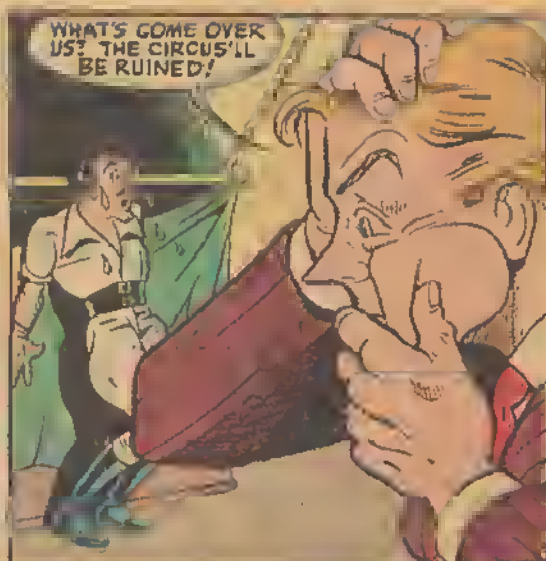
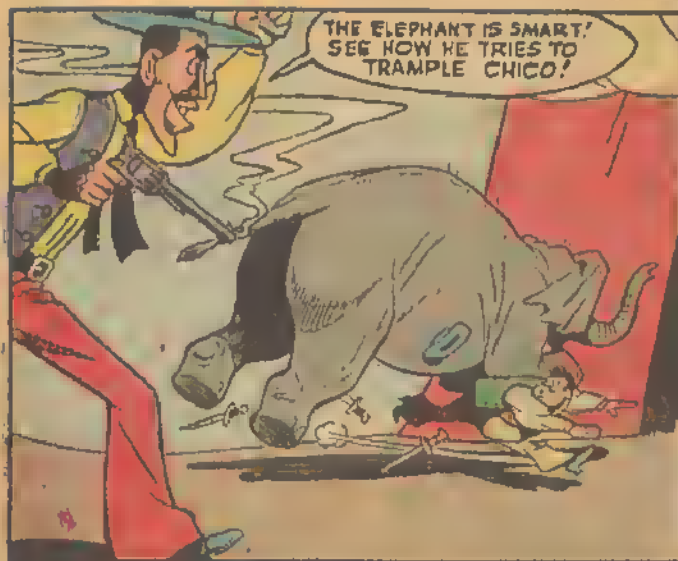


THE BARKER









YOU TWO ARE UNDER ARREST!

SEÑOR MANUEL FAMINEZ'S
GOVERNMENT IS EXTRADITING
YOU TWO ON CHARGES
OF POLITICAL
CRIMES!

SO MANUEL
FAMINEZ IS NOW THE
PRESIDENT OF OUR
COUNTRY? THAT
LYING CUR!

OF COURSE, SEÑORES!
I AM HIS PERSONAL
REPRESENTATIVE!
HE SENT ME HERE
TO BRING YOU
TRAITORS BACK!

S! TRAITORS? US?
L THAT ENEMY
OF THE PEOPLE,
THAT NEMESIS OF
OUR FAIR LAND,
CALLS US TRAITORS?
IT IS TOO
MUCH!

WE WILL ESCAPE
FROM FAMINE,
PRISON AND WE
WILL NOT REST
UNTIL WE HAVE
ASSASSINATED
HIM.

WE WILL LIVE ONLY
FOR THE DAY WHEN
FAMINEZ NO
LONGER PLAQUES
OUR DEAR
COUNTRY!

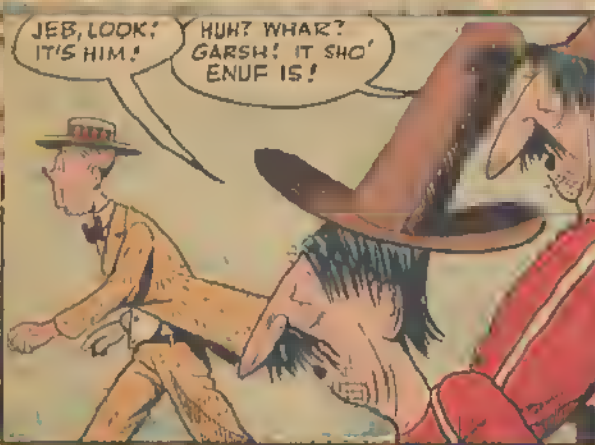
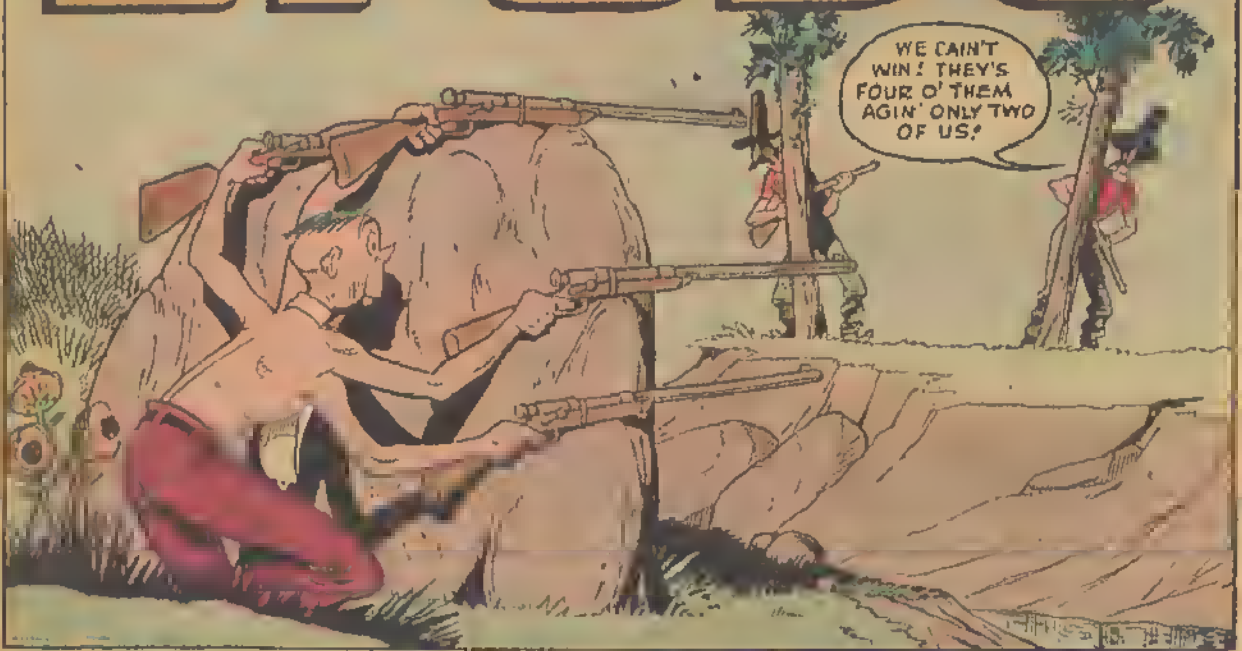
AND TO THINK WE NEARLY SMASHED UP THE
WHOLE CIRCUS AND SCARED THE AUDIENCE
RIGHT OUT OF THE TENT FOR
THOSE TWO!

Later

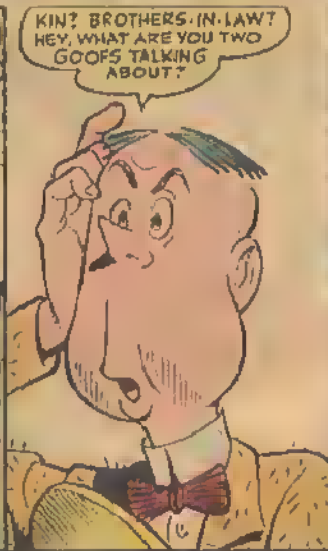
I'VE GONE THROUGH THIS WHOLE BOOK AND STILL HAVEN'T FOUND ANY MENTION OF A GOVERNMENT AS WACKY AS YOURS!

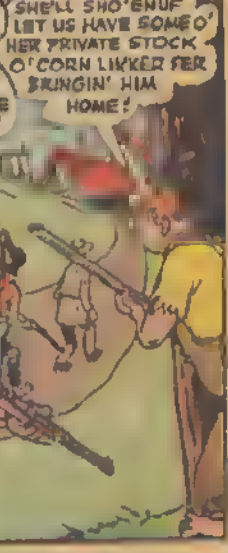
FRANCE

SPUDO

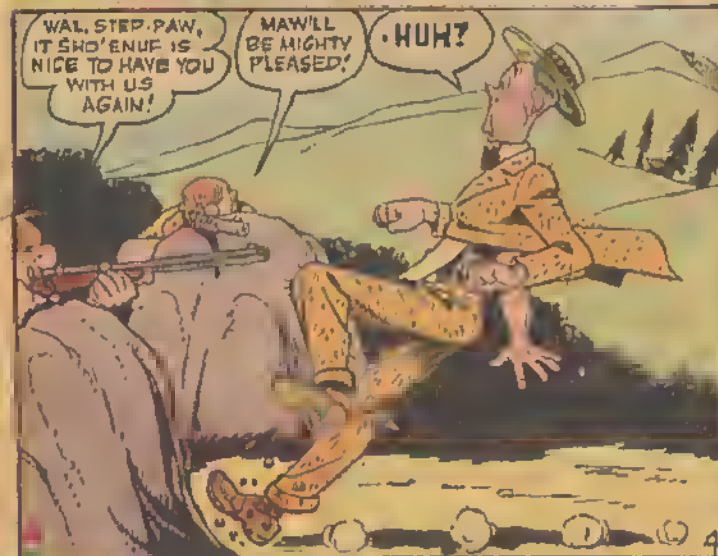
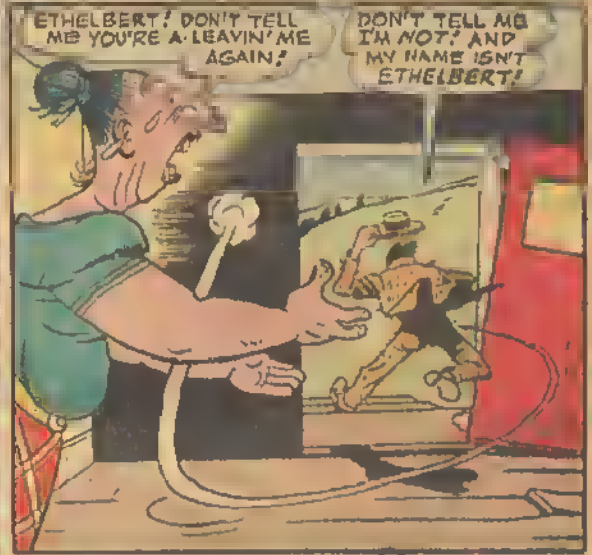


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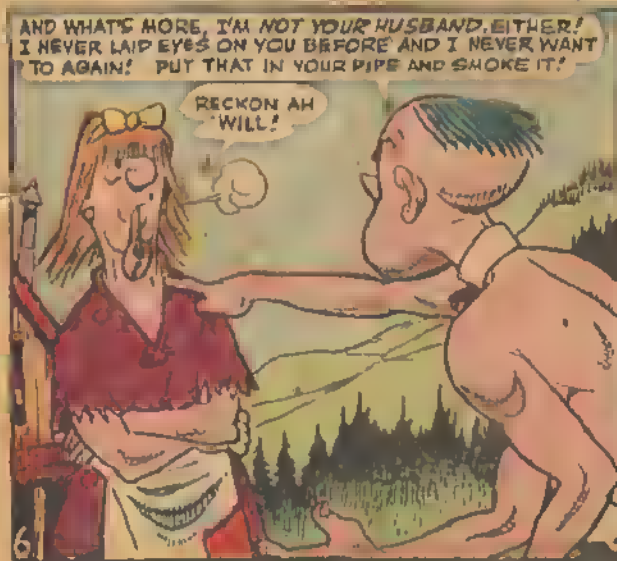




THE BARKER







THE BARKER

FIRST THING TO DO WITH A CONTRARY HUSBAND IS TO BEAT THE REBELLION OUT'N HIM WITH A LOTTA HARD WORK!



AND THIS HYAR HUSBAND OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GIT A POW'FUL LOT O' WORK DONE WITH FOUR HANDS!



NOW CLEAN IT UP GOOD! AH GOT PLENTY O' SMOKE LEFT IN THIS HYAR PIPE!

N-NO! NOT THAT AGAIN!



Meanwhile...
HI, BOYS! YE BOTH SEEM TO BE FEELIN' MIGHTY PORE!

WAL, WE AIN'T A-FEELIN' NONE TOO GOOD, SHERIFF! AN' WE DONE LOST ETHELBERT.



ETHELBERT! THET THAR NAME'S FAMILIAR -- WHAR HAVE AN HEERED IT BEFORE? WHUT'S HE LOOK LIKE?

HE'S ABOUT SO HIGH AND HE WEIGHS ABOUT SO MUCH AND HAS SECH COLOR EYES AN' HAIR!



DOGGONE IT! THET'S THE FELLER! WLY, AH LOCKED HIM UP FO' BIGAMY IN MAH JAIL FIVE YEARS AGO AND EF'N YOU BOYS SEED HIM, HE MUST'A ESCAPED!

BUT WE LOST HIM TO THE 'MCNABS, SO AH RECKON YO' KIN GET HIM BACK, SHERIFF!



THAR HE BE, SHERIFF... THG ONE WITH THEM FOUR ARMS!

FOUR ARMS? AH NEVER KNOWED HE HAD 'EM! NO WONDER HE WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM MAH JAIL! MAH JAIL'S ONLY BUILT TO HOLD PRISONERS WITH TWO ARMS!



THE BARKER

YE CAIN'T KEEP HIM, ELVIRY! HE'S A CRIME-COMMITTIN' BIGAMIST... AH MEAN A BIGAMY-COMMITTIN' CRIMINAL AND HE BELONGS IN MAH JAIL!



EF'N THET MEANS HE'S GOT TWO WIVES, AH KIN' FIX IT EASY! AH'LL SHOOT THE OTHER WIFE FULL O' HOLES AND THET'LL MAKE HIM A WIDOWER AND THEN AH KIN BE MARRIED TO A WIDOWER, CAIN'T I?



WHY DON'T YOU GO INTO A CLOSE HUDDLE OVER IT?

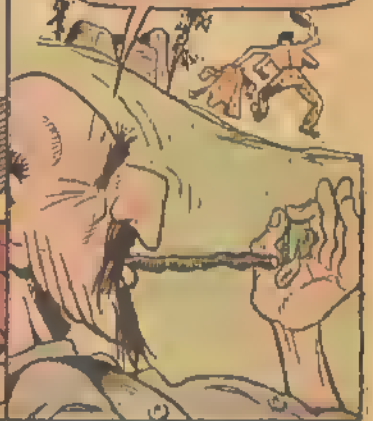


TAKE A GOOD WHIFF! YOU'LL LOVE IT!

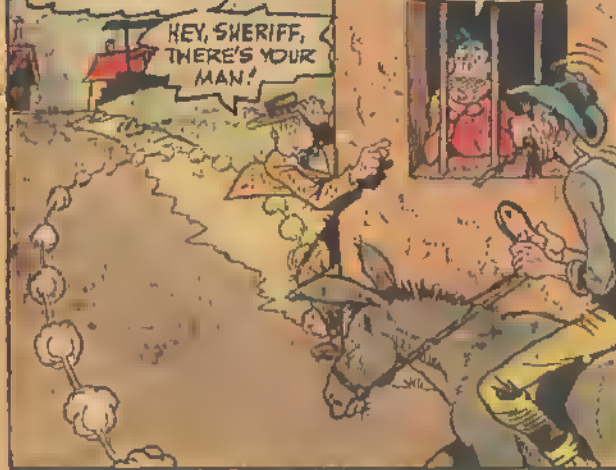


DOGGONE, IT NEVER SMELLED SO AWFUL WHILE AH WAS A SMOKIN' IT!

AH GOTTA COME TO QUICKER'N THE REST ON ACCOUNT OF HAVIN' DUTIES TO PERFORM! THAR GOES THE BIGAMIST DOWN THE ROAD BUT AH'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH HIM ON MAH MULE!



After a hot chase... WH. WHY... THAT GUY LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!

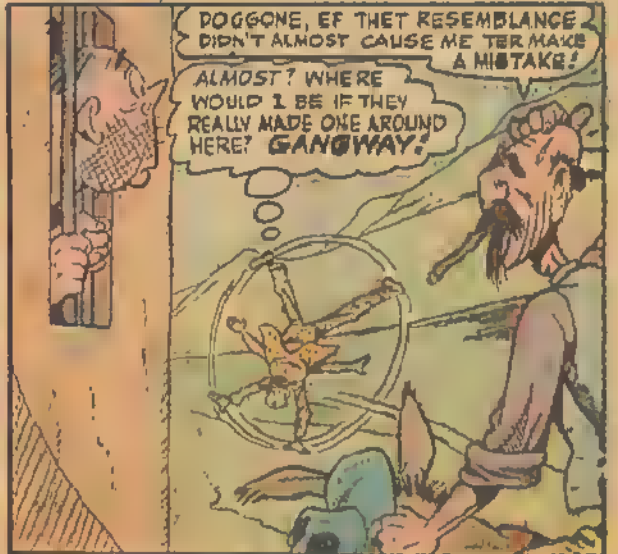


YO' A-LOOKIN' FER ME, SHERIFF? WHY, Y' KNOW AH'M ALLUS TO HOME!

HEY, SHERIFF, THERE'S YOUR MAN!

DOGGONE, EF THET RESEMBLANCE DIDN'T ALMOST CAUSE ME TER MAKE A MISTAKE!

ALMOST? WHERE WOULD I BE IF THEY REALLY MADE ONE AROUND HERE? GANGWAY!



STRANGE GUN CLUE

GRAD KELLS lifted the carbine slowly, sighted carefully and pulled the trigger. The *spang* coughed viciously from the snubby muzzle and the rifle kicked in Kells' hands. The smokeless powder didn't obscure Kells' target. He saw the man on horseback, far below in the valley, jerk then topple sideways from the saddle.

The horse reared, spung around and galloped back the way he had come. He raised a fog of yellow dust in his mad flight.

Kells cursed under his breath and wiped the dust from his mouth. It was hot and dry up there on the high crag where he had lain hidden. The water in his canteen was blackish but he took a long pull, then doused the rest over his head and face.

"Whew!" Kells wiped the sweat from his eyes and cleared his dry throat. He'd be glad when this day was over.

Picking up the rifle, Kells strode back from the ledge where he had lain and slid the weapon into its saddle boot. Kells then refastened the cinch of his saddle and climbed aboard.

"Git, Sammy," he said quietly to his horse. "There's good eats at the other end of this here trail."

They went jogging off down the rutted trail. Kells didn't go near the dead man lying in the valley trail. He knew that Mort Springer was dead. Kells was a good shot. It wasn't the first man he'd shot from ambush.

Kells rode into Covered Wells late in the afternoon and sought out a Chinese restaurant where he had eaten before. After dining, he went to the livery stable where he had put up his horse, saw that it had been cared for, and sauntered to the hotel where he would spend the night.

There wasn't much activity in the small lobby at this time of day, but Kells knew that later there would be something of a crowd in the room and the larger one adjoining. He wondered when the dead man would be discovered. He had nothing to worry about on that score.

He sat down in a leather chair and began

reading a week-old newspaper. A half hour later he heard a hard-ridden horse galloping through the single street of the town. It came to a sliding halt next door to the hotel, where Kells knew was located the sheriff's office. The man leaped off his horse and tore into the office. Kells grinned. Mort Springer had been found.

Pretty soon Nate Reilley, the sheriff, came out of his office with the rider and called to some one nearby. One of his deputies sauntered up.

"What's up, Nate?" he asked.

"Mort Springer's been found drilled out Washoe way," said the sheriff. "Take some of the boys an' bring him in, Tod."

Tod shoved his big hat on the back of his head and let his breath escape in a loud noise. "Now who the devil would shoot old Mort?" he demanded.

"Ain't got no idea," said the sheriff. "But by cracky I'll find out, and the polecat'll swing!"

Mort was well liked in the town and surrounding cattle country and had no known enemies. It would go hard with the culprit who did him in—if the sheriff caught up with him.

Kells watched covertly, without anyone knowing that he was watching. He didn't feel any fear of being discovered. He had the slickest idea in the world. He settled deeper into the chair and went on with his paper.

Less than an hour later, the boys came in with Springer's body lashed across a horse. There was a tiny bullet hole through his head. When the men halted in front of the sheriff's office, and had finally got Mort laid out on the little porch, Kells strode out and joined the fast-gathering crowd about the dead man.

"Who did it, you suppose?" "What did anyone wanta shoot old Mort for?" "The dirty rat'll swing fer this, if they catch him."

Thus went the comments among the crowd. Then suddenly someone noted the presence of a stranger in their midst. "Mebbe this here hombre did it to Mort," the man suggested.

Every eye swung to Kells, who stood a little back, watching them. He grinned. Shook his head.

"Dunno the jasper," said he. "Looks like he was drilled with a mighty small-bored rifle."

The sheriff nodded. "Yeah, I was lookin' at that there hole. Dunno of anybody hereabouts who has such a gun. Anyone else?" He turned to the crowd.

Someone else said, "Well, mebbe the stranger is packin' such a rifle, sheriff."

Reilley frowned. "Your horse stabled?" he asked Kells. The latter nodded. "Mind walkin' over there fer a spell with me, stranger?"

"Course not," Kells said. "Come on."

The two men, followed by the entire crowd, started for the livery stable. When they arrived, the sheriff asked the stable keeper to let him see Kells' rifle. The man looked at Kells, who nodded, and then started off. In a moment he was back, carrying the carbine. He handed it to the sheriff.

Reilley looked at it quizzically. "Hmm!" he said. "This here's a .44 Marlin. Never fired the bullet that killed Mort. Nosiree! That hole isn't bigger'n a .22—but a .22 wouldn't go clean through a feller's head, like that slug did to Mort."

Puzzled, the sheriff handed the rifle back to the stable man and they all started back to the hotel.

Kells could afford to be friendly. "Who is this here Springer?" he asked.

"Mort owns the JL spread, one of the best in the hull state of Arizony," the sheriff told him.

"He must've had an enemy who laid for him," Kells persisted. "Somebody who owned a newfangled gun of some kind."

"Mort didn't have no enemies I know about," the sheriff said. "Course, you kin never tell 'bout a feller. Mebbe some old enemy from back whar he come from."

"Where was that?"

The sheriff pondered a bit. "Nebrasky seems like," he said. "Yeah, that's it. Nebrasky. But Mort's been here nigh onto thirty years."

Early next morning, Kells rode out to the JL ranch, owned by the late Springer. Mort had been a bachelor. Today none of the boys were left on the place, all of them having gone to town the night before. That suited Kells to

a T. He wanted time for a little exploration work. Kells was formerly from Nebraska, too. He knew something about Mort that no one else did—that Mort had a fortune hidden at his ranch. **Gold.**

Kells had planned his scheme well. Killing Mort was the only way. He only needed a couple of hours at the ranch. Then he'd blow. . . .

He dismounted at the back of the long barn. Leaving his horse where it would be invisible from the road, he entered the big ranch house and went to Mort's office. Mort didn't even have a safe. He kept his money in a little cupboard with a snap lock in the side of the wall. Kells opened it quickly. The gold was there—a good fifty pounds of it. A fortune!

Kells lifted the yellow stuff out and sat down to gloat over it. This had been a cinch, all right.

He was still gloating when a gruff voice said, "All right, Kells, reach!" It was the sheriff.

Kells reached. "What the devil you want?" he demanded angrily.

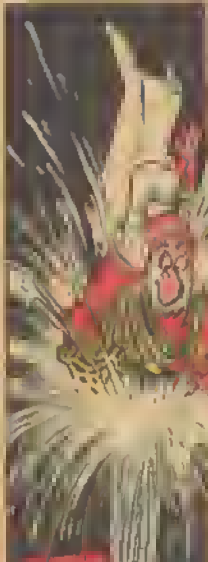
"You," said the sheriff softly. "You tried to put it over on us, Kells, but that stable man found something that makes you a *murderer*, even if I didn't grab you for attempted robbery."

Kells leaped to his feet, his face livid with rage. "Are you crazy, sheriff?" he shouted. "What do you mean, murder? Mebbe I was aimin' to take this gold, but that's a long ways from murder."

The sheriff nodded. "I know," he said. "But that stable man found something in your rifle boot that pins Springer's death on you. You recall you mentioned yourself that Mort had been shot by a mighty small calibre bullet. No one hereabouts has such a gun. Neither have you."

"Well, then—" began Kells.

"But you have this," said the sheriff, drawing a thin, round, long object from his pocket. This is what was in the bottom of your rifle boot. It's an adapter that fits a .44 calibre gun. Only the shell it holds is a small-bore, foreign bullet. High powered stuff. What makes it all the more damning is, the bullet that killed Mort didn't quite go through. It punched a hole but fell back in his brain. It had no rifling on it. Which shows it was fired from a large barreled gun."

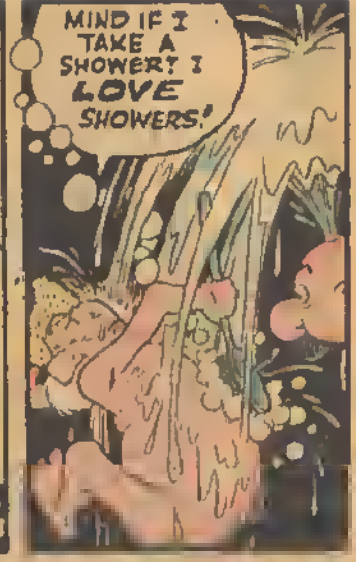
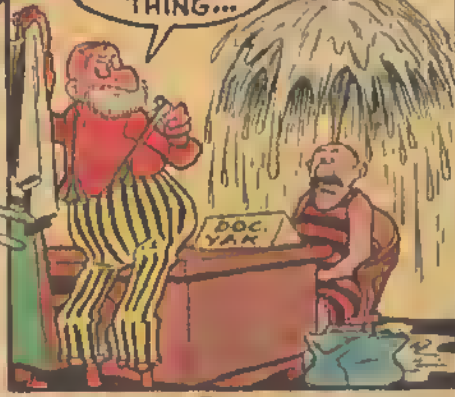


WORST CASE OF WATER-ON-THE-BRAIN I EVER SEEN!

YOU NEED A VACATION IN THE MOUNTAINS TO DRY THAT UP! BUT BEFORE YOU GO THERE'S ONE THING...

YES, DOC...

MIND IF I TAKE A SHOWER? I LOVE SHOWERS!



IF IT DOESN'T STOP, MEDDIE I CAN HIRE OUT AS A PARK FOUNTAIN!



?



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PLUG IT UP! I HOPE I'M THE RIGHT SIZE!

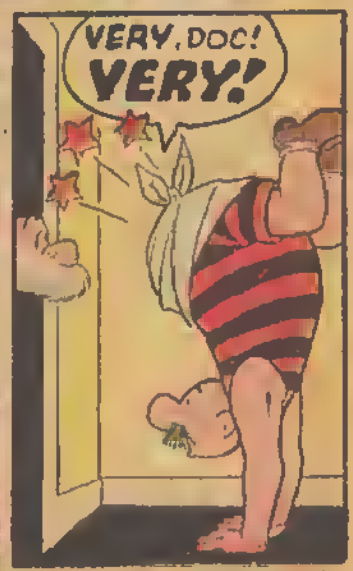


MY! MY!... THE HEAT HAS DRIED IT UP! I'M CURED!



Two days later...

WELL, WELL! WATER ALL DRIED UP, EH? YOU MUST HAVE HAD A SWELL WEEK-END!



VERY, DOC! VERY!

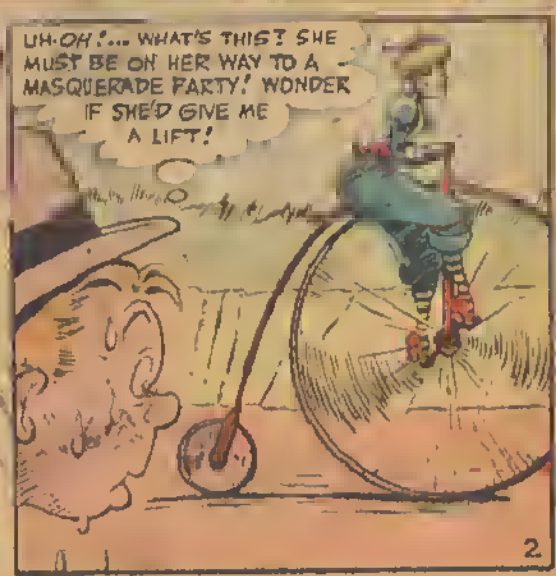
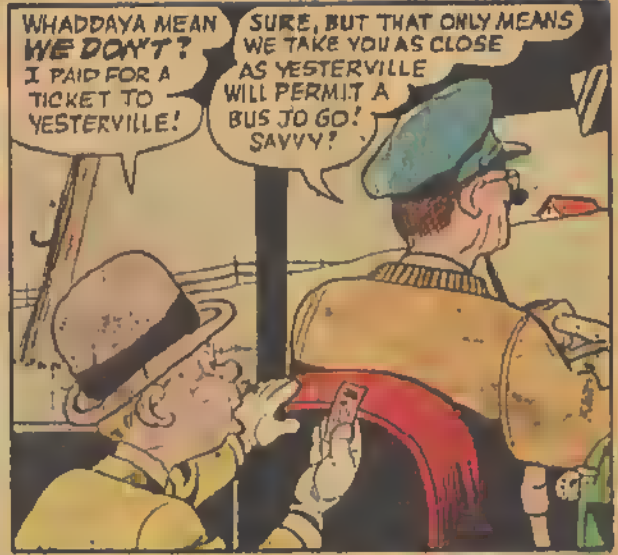
Cassy would dance
With the strawberry blonde
And the band played on...

The

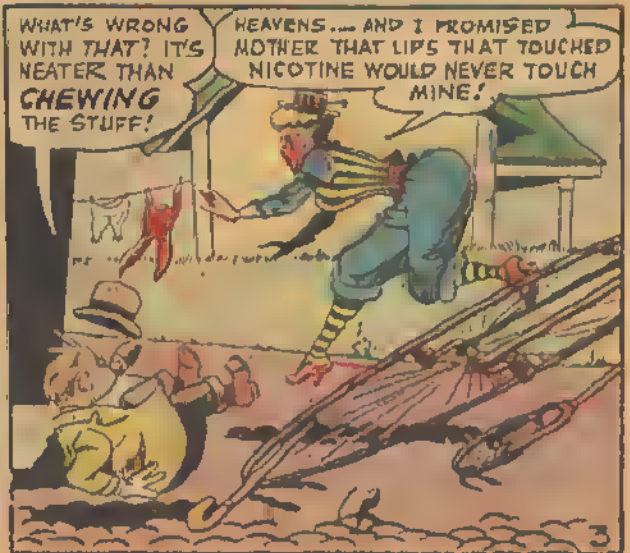
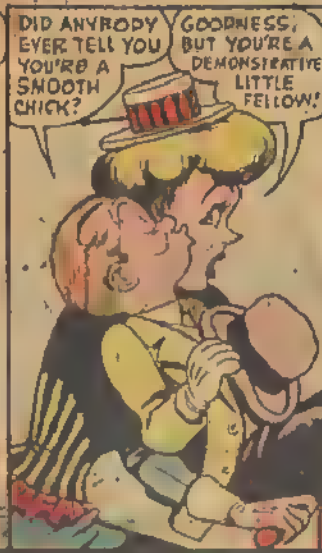
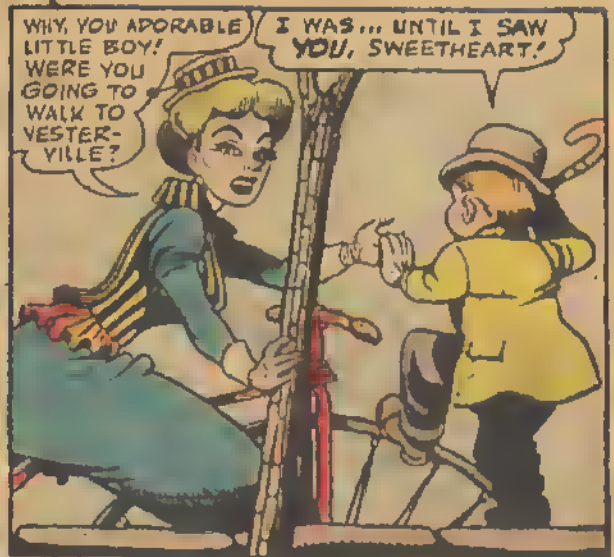
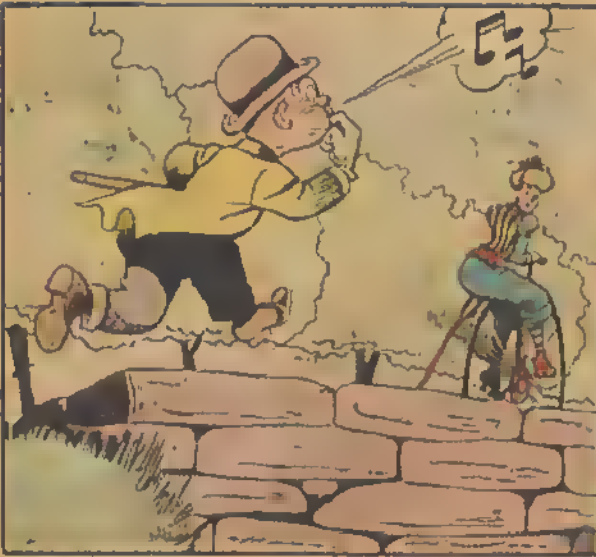
BARKER

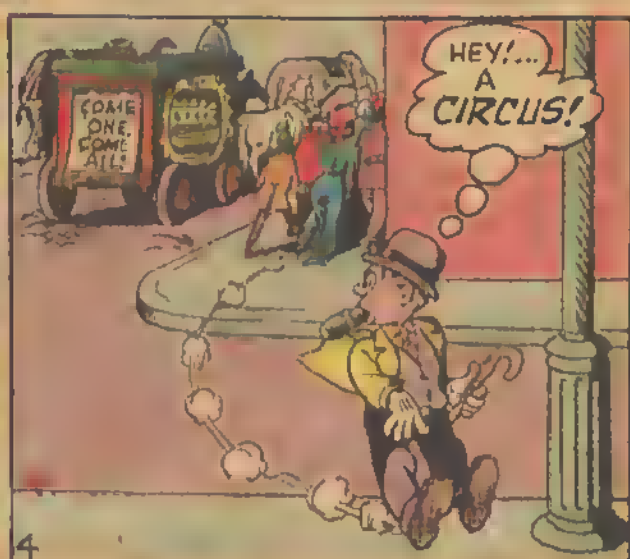


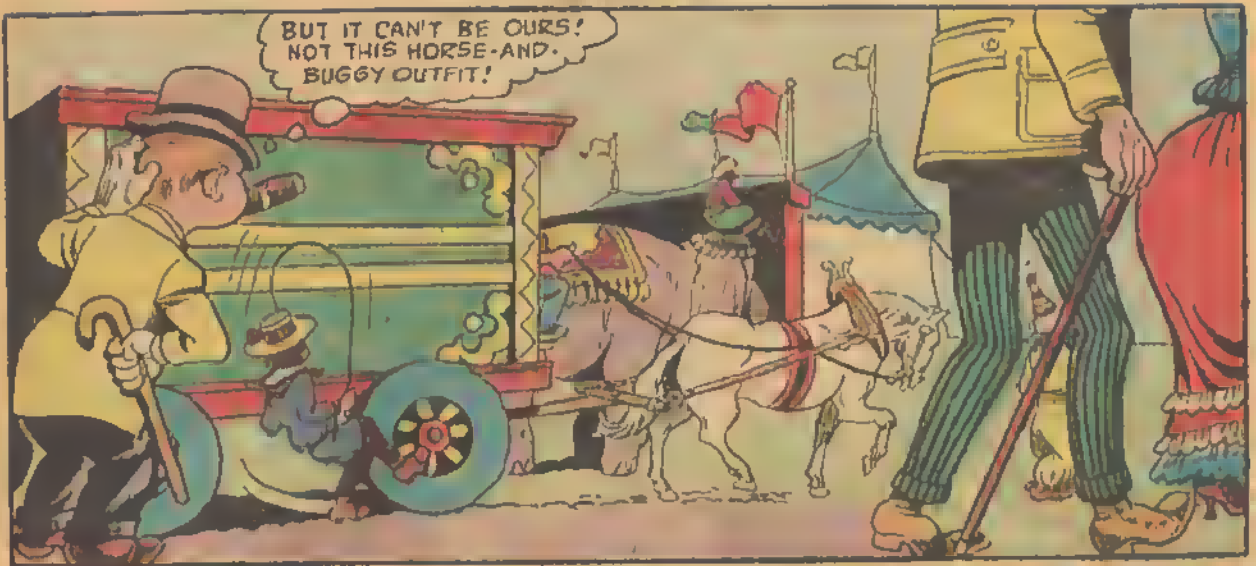
Skip the gutter, kids, and
step into the Big Tent where
The Barker, otherwise
known as Cornie Calahan,
and his merry pals have
said "TWENTYTHREE, SKIDOO!"
to the Atomic Age and stepped
into the life of the GAY NINETIES.



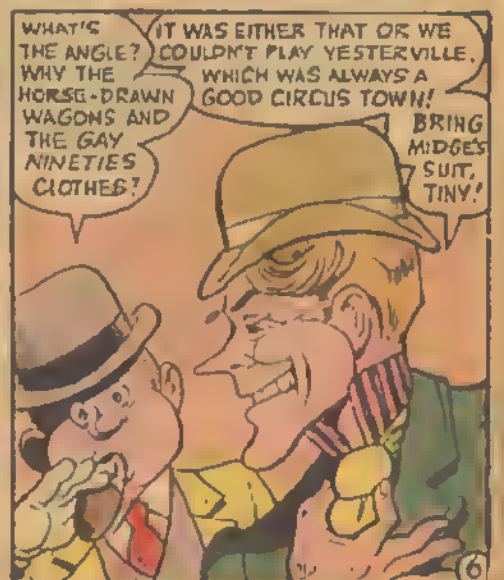
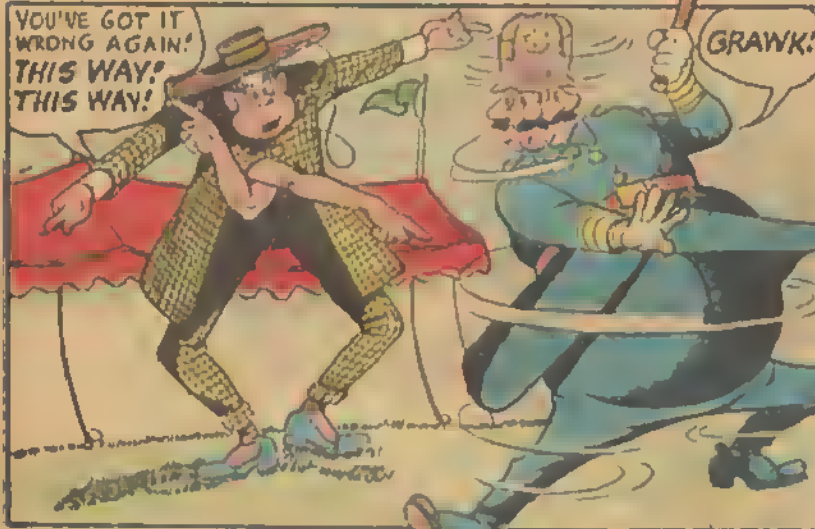
THE BARKER



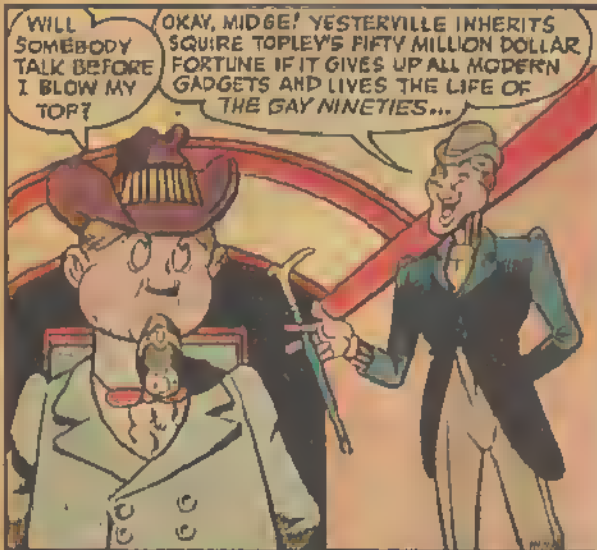


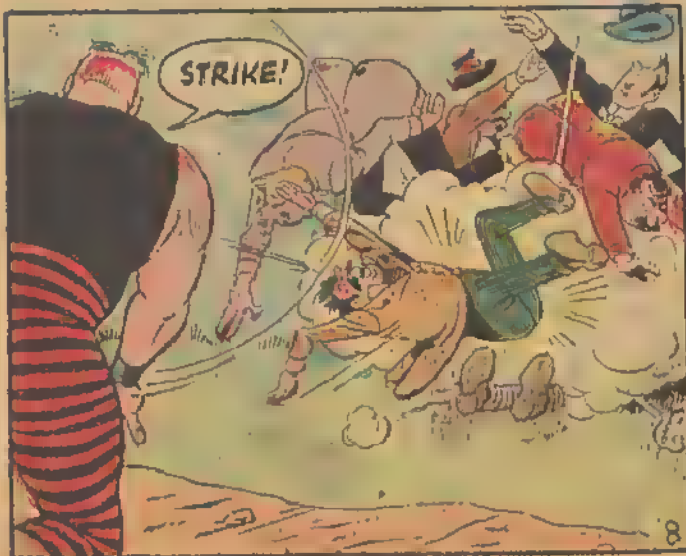
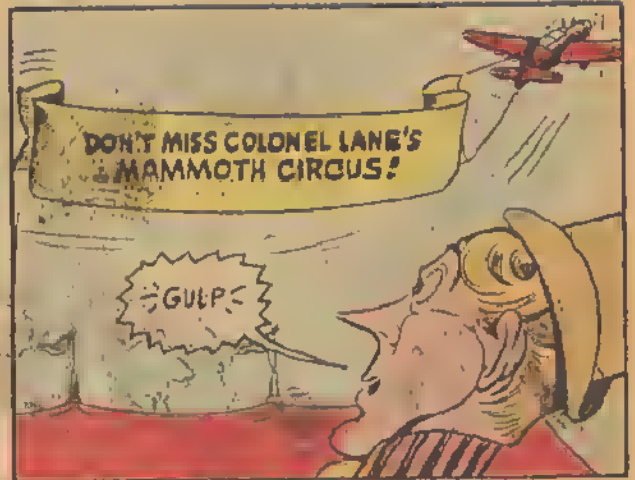


THE BARKER

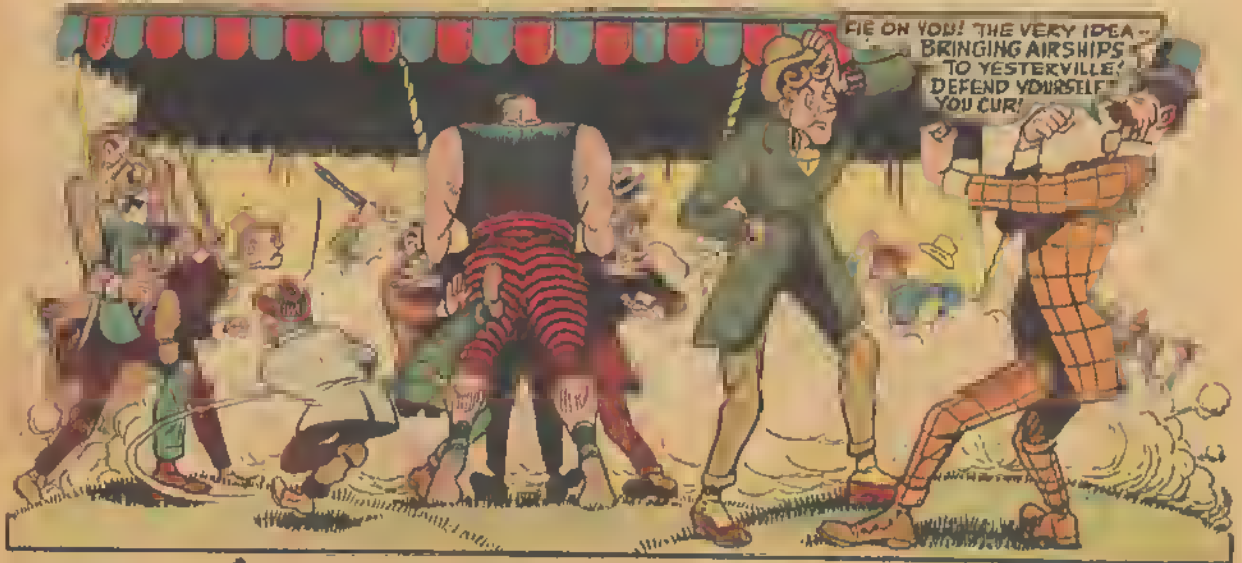


THE BARKER





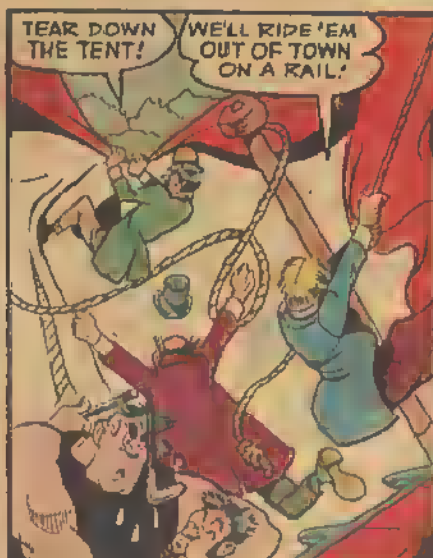
THE BARKER



HE ON YOU! THE VERY IDEA - BRINGING AIRSHIPS TO YESTERVILLE! DEFEND YOURSELF! YOU CUR!

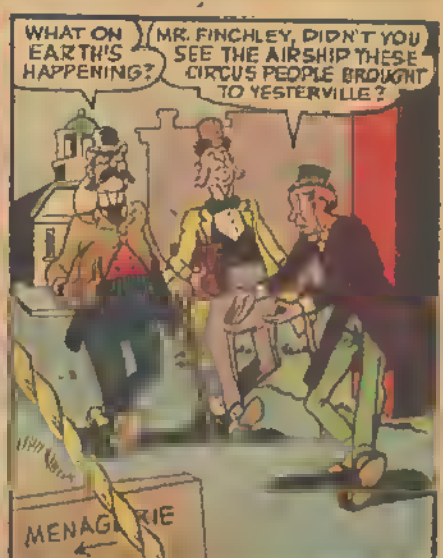


ALL RIGHT - IF YOU INSIST!



TEAR DOWN THE TENT!

WE'LL RIDE 'EM OUT OF TOWN ON A RAIL!



WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENING?

MR. FINCHLEY, DIDN'T YOU SEE THE AIRSHIP THESE CIRCUS PEOPLE BROUGHT TO YESTERVILLE?



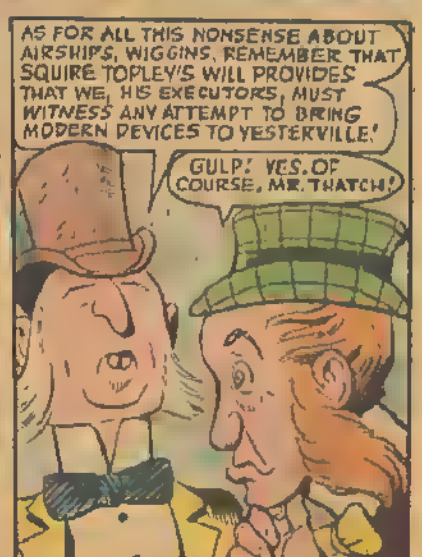
NO, BY JOVE... BUT I HEARD THE COMMOTION ALL THE WAY OVER TO MY OFFICE!

BUT, MR. FINCHLEY, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HERE - AT THE CIRCUS - ALL DAY!



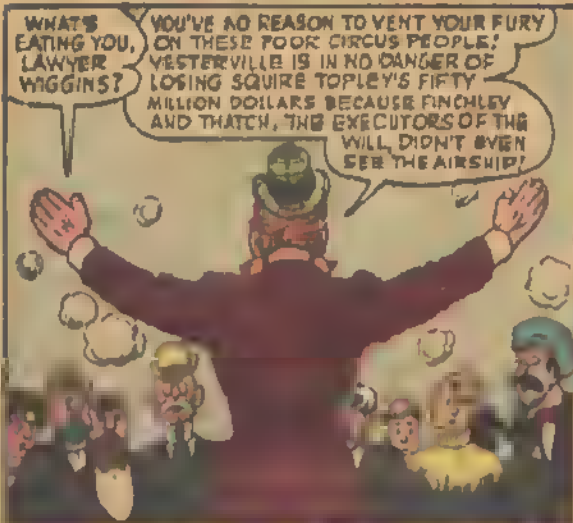
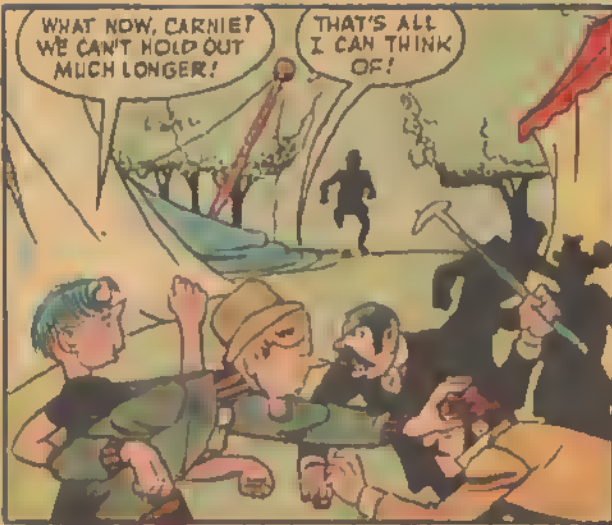
I CHANGED MY MIND, LAWYER WIGGINS... WHY DO YOU LOOK SO DISAPPOINTED?

ER-AH... NOTHING! I'M NOT DISAPPOINTED... NOT A BIT!



AS FOR ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT AIRSHIPS, WIGGINS, REMEMBER THAT SQUIRE TOPLEY'S WILL PROVIDES THAT WE, HIS EXECUTORS, MUST WITNESS ANY ATTEMPT TO BRING MODERN DEVICES TO YESTERVILLE!

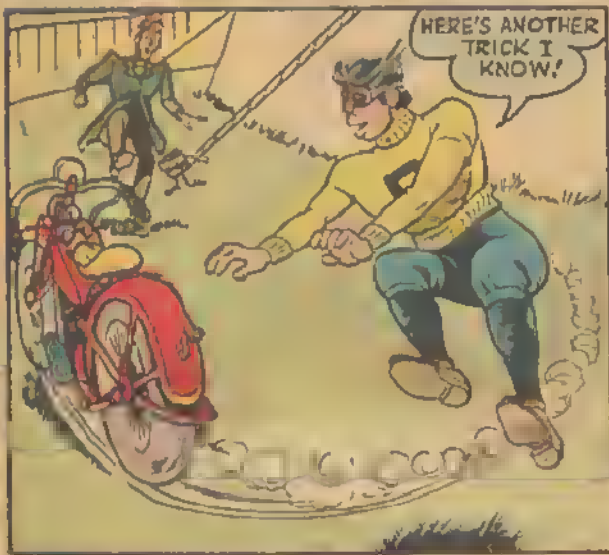
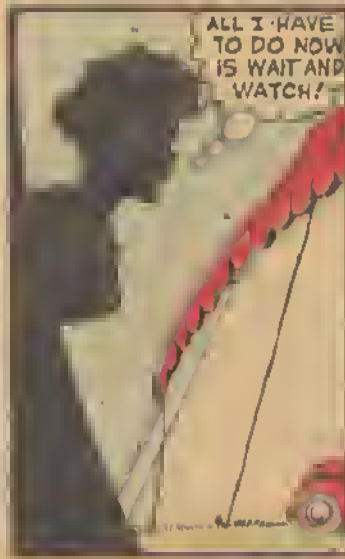
GULP! YES, OF COURSE, MR. THATCH!



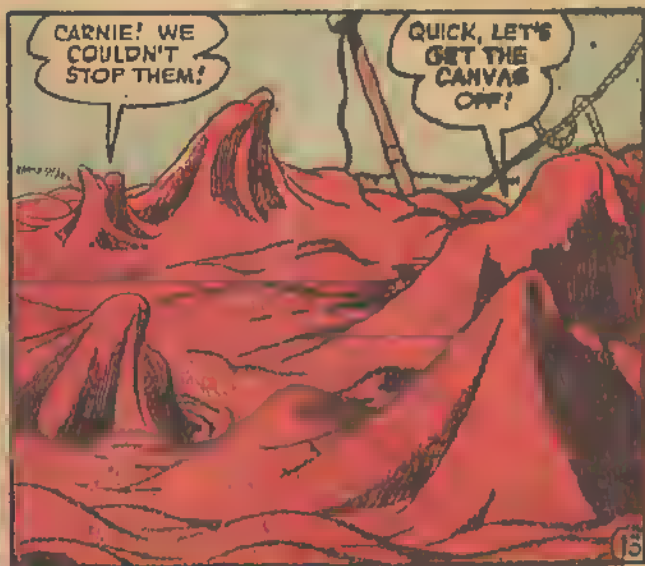
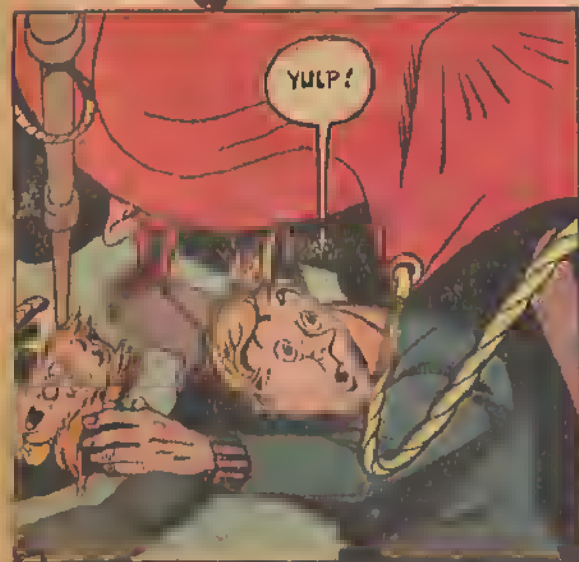
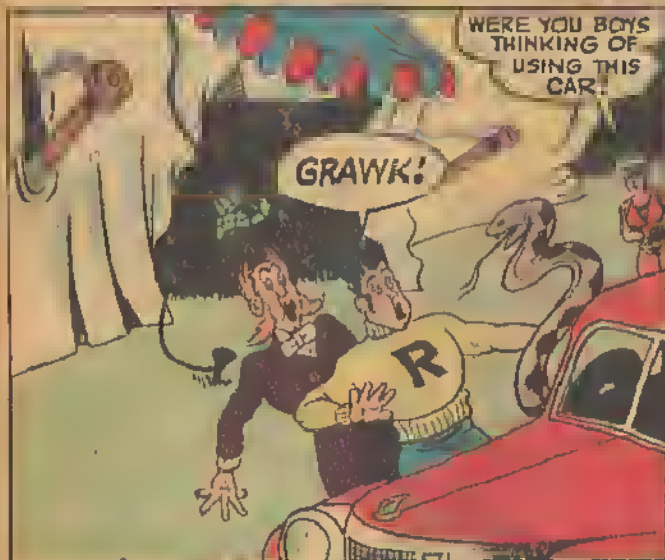
THE BARKER

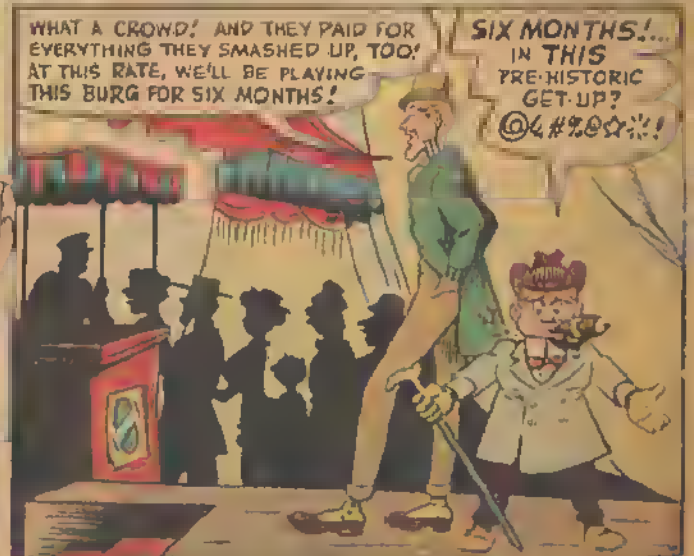
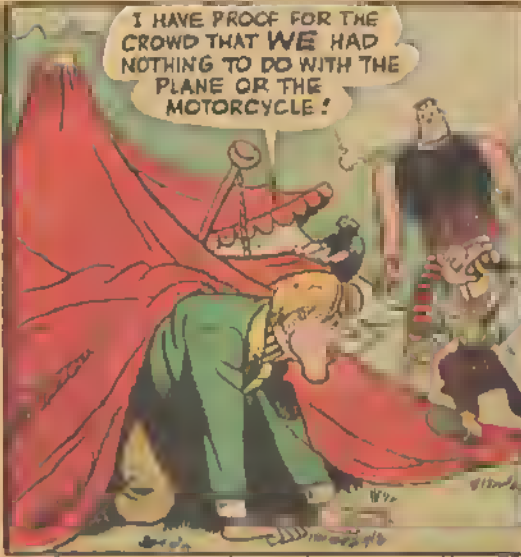


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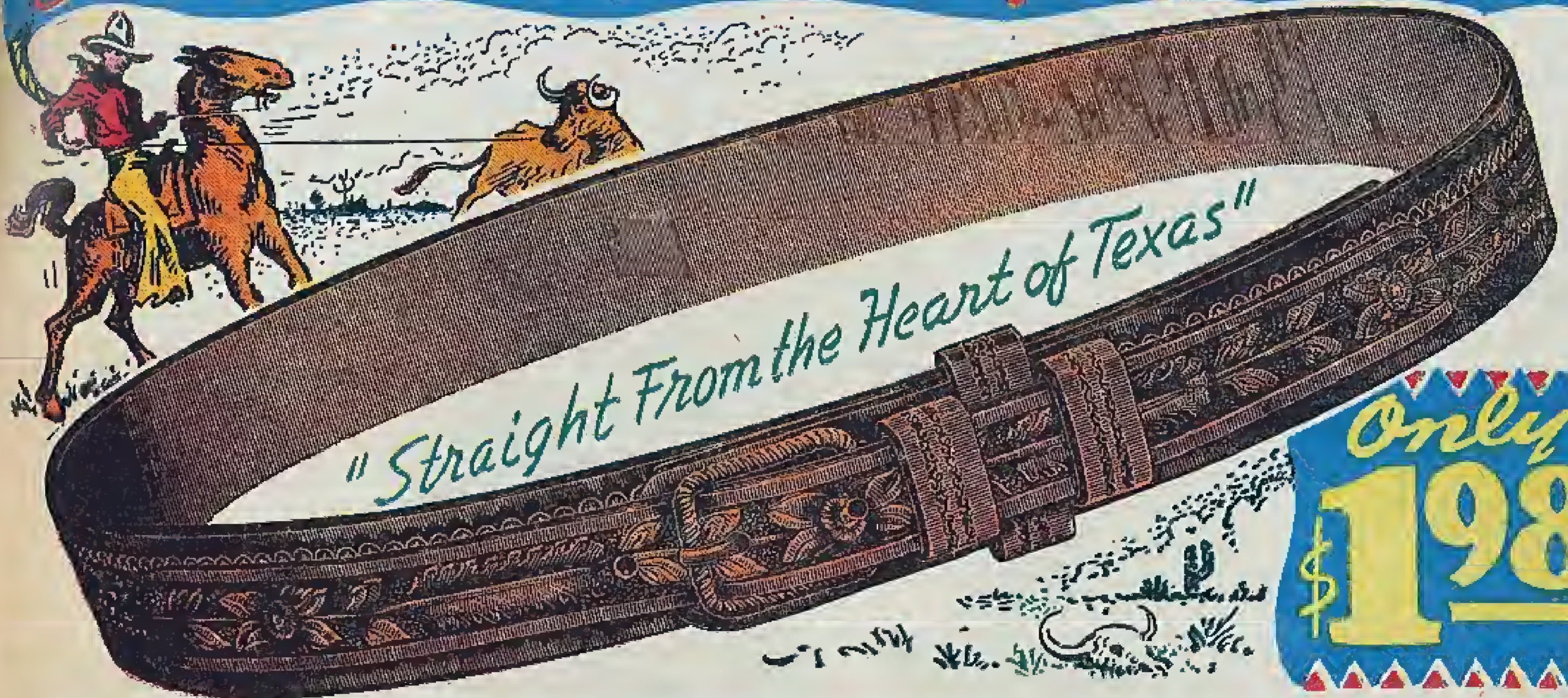


THE BARKER





Genuine "Texas Beauty" Specials!



Only
\$1.98

Beautiful Antique Finish Genuine Cowhide! Tooled Spanish Design

Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here it is—"Straight from the Heart of Texas"—a belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants his belt to look rich and hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish—expertly hand-stamped from end to end by skilled belt craftsmen; gives the Texas Beauty Belt the ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width and has an all-metal buckle. Also has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

When you see this Texas Beauty Belt and examine its many outstanding features, you'll wonder how we could possibly offer it to you in these times for the sensationally low price of only \$1.98. There's no doubt about it—here's a marvelous value. Order your belt today and see for yourself. There's no risk. If you're not pleased and delighted in every way, you can return it in 10 days for full refund. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon below and pay postman on arrival. Be sure to state your belt size from 28 to 46.

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



Only **\$2.98**

Men Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

BUY BOTH AND SAVE

Order the Belt and Billfold together as a matching set. Special price for the set only \$4.69 plus 60c Federal Tax on the Billfold. Makes an ideal gift.



Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9182

500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Send me the Texas Beauty Specials indicated below C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

- ☐ Send me the Antique Finish Cowhide Belt @ \$1.98 (Belt sizes from 28 to 46). This is my belt size _____
- ☐ Send me the Saddle Leather Zipper Billfold @ \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax (total \$3.58).
- ☐ Send me the Belt and the Billfold as a set @ special price of \$4.69 plus 60c Tax on the Billfold (total \$5.29).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

☐ I am enclosing full payment in advance with this order to save all shipping charges.

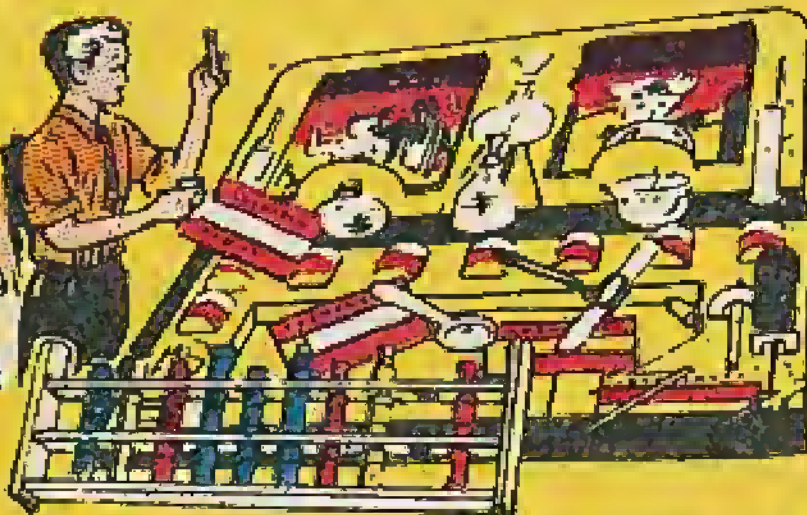
Boys Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

**DAISY'S
RED
RYDER**
Patented by Stephen Slinger Inc. N.Y.
CARBINE



**HEY
FELLOWS!**

DAISY'S swell gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

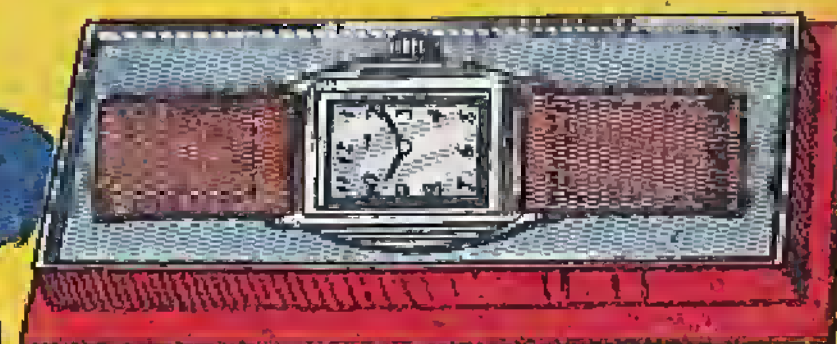


COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET
Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



**WRIST
WATCH**

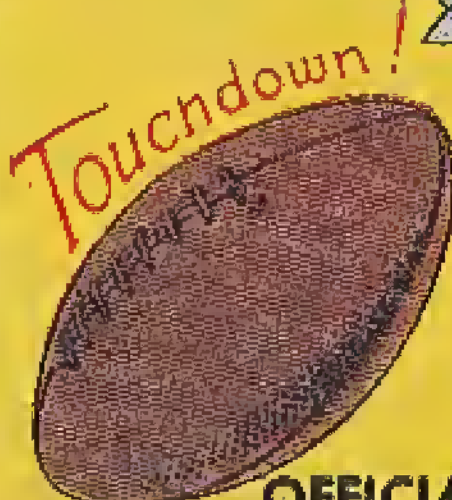
A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



LEATHER WALLETS GIVEN



American Lady Wallet for Girls. Initials in gold. Also secret Compartment Wallet for Boys. Sell one order.

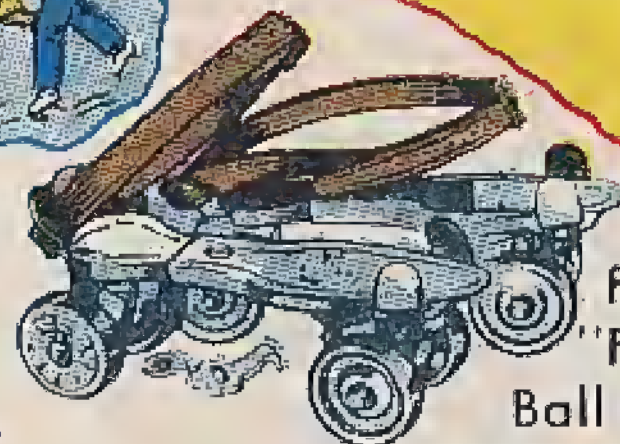


**OFFICIAL
SIZE FOOTBALL**
Sell one order.
**QUANTITY
LIMITED.**



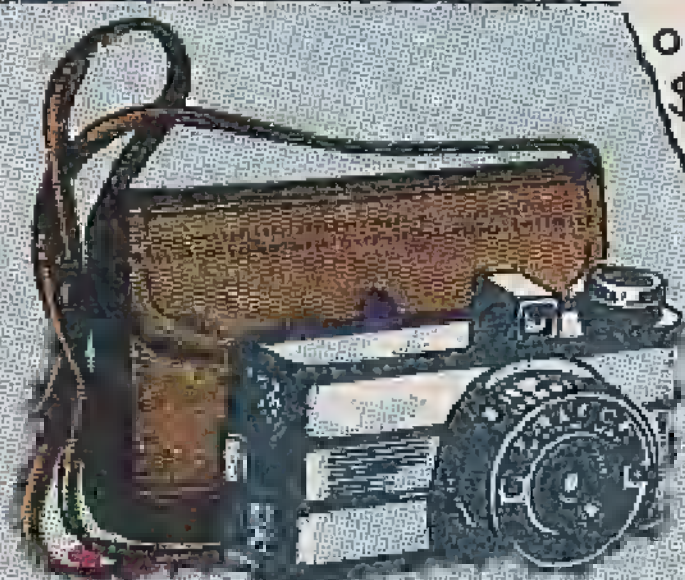
**A big, husky
HUNTING KNIFE,**
with Leather Sheath.

Famous "Flying Ace" Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



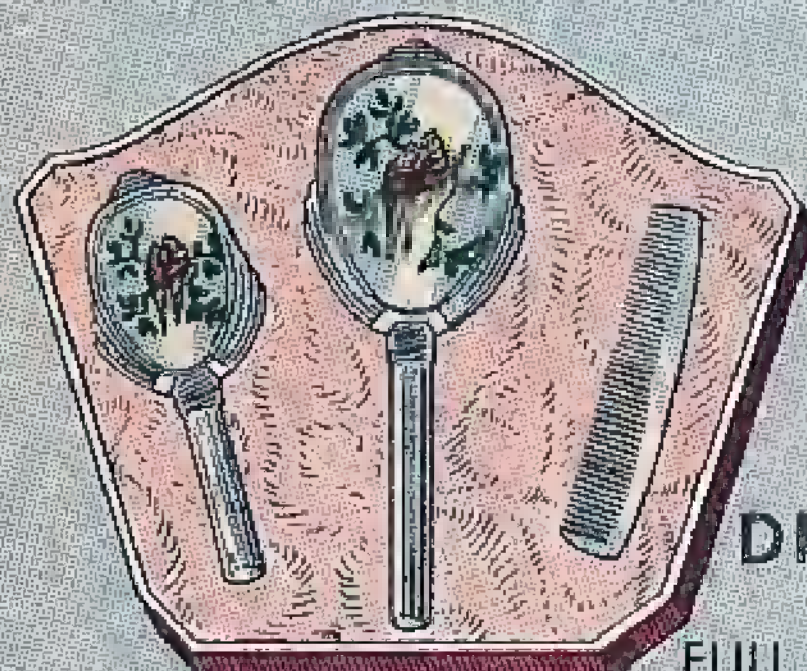
SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.



FALCON CAMERA
with Carrying Case.

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

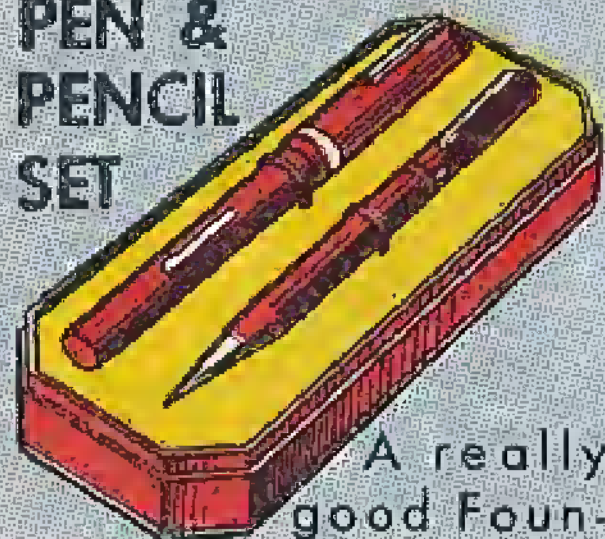


**DRESSER
SET**

FULL SIZE Comb,

Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.

**PEN &
PENCIL
SET**

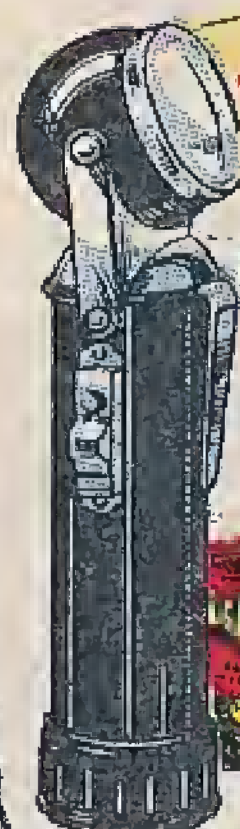


A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.

STURDY AXE,
with
Leather
Sheath.
Attaches
to belt.



Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.

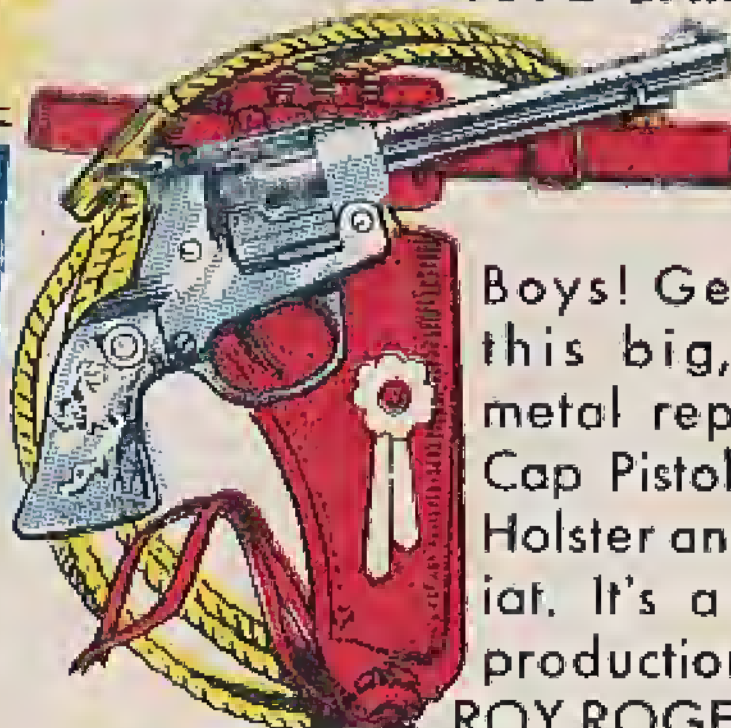


**Swivel Head
Flashlight**



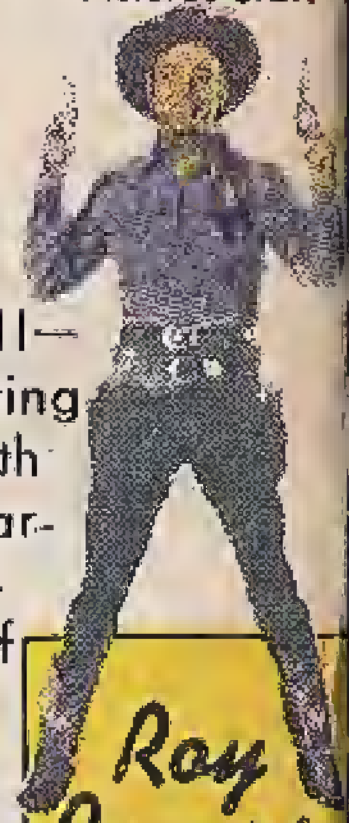
"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order.

**ROY ROGERS GUN
WITH HOLSTER SET AND
12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT**



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

Republic Pictures Star.



**Roy
Rogers**
"King of the
Cowboys"

**MORE PRIZES
FOR YOU**

shown in our big prize sheet,
**MECHANICAL
TRAIN SET
BRACELETS
BIBLE
OVERNIGHT BAG
POOL TABLE
ALARM CLOCK
POCKET WATCH
ARCHERY SET**

**OUR
28th YEAR**

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 Envelopes and 24 Sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. C-15, Lancaster, Pa.

**AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,
Dept. C-15 Lancaster, Pa.**

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____

or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____